

DISCORDER

M A G A Z I N E

that eternal mag from CiTR 101.9 FM

DEC-JAN 2024-25 • VOL 41 • NO 06 • ISSUE 439 • ZERO CENTS



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Dec-Jan 2024-25 // Vol. 41 // No.6 // Issue #439
cover of Teon Gibbs by Sophie Galloway

DISCORDER

magazine

editor's note

There was a new thing,

and then there was another new thing, and then another new thing, and another new thing, and each new thing said it was the only thing that had ever really been new. There's a newer new thing now, but it's actually been around for a while. Recreated between a blink and a page refresh, it's insistence on novelty makes it act strange. All the songs are new, all the poetry is new, all the party games and flared denim and all the people you've ever loved — you will encounter them simultaneously, redefined. We live in a world of planned obsolescence, but, and we can't stress this enough, we are NOT doing it the same as everyone else. You and me, and everyone we know, seeking novelty all day long, cats with our eyes flickering across the room. I've been trying to wrap my head around this for years; 2024's novelty complex and that everything and everyone feels the same. That we're in an age of pastiche (take, for example, that LCD Soundsystem/Kidz Bop band) but also, hyper-individualized chaos. I'm sure you've scrolled into this feeling. To be online and paying attention is to be both the doll in the dollhouse and the child with a huge, dioramaistic viewpoint, and tiny baby hands.

Art is, at its core, a form of communication. Art, particularly music and film, are often consumed less for analytical critique and more for entertainment. Which is fair, the world is exhausting. Of course I love art that happens to be life-affirming and comforting, but the over-conscious pursuit of such a quality changes it. It transforms the art from expressive to prescriptive. To instead put something under a lens is to recognize its legitimacy, and even further its cultural significance. Due to a character flaw, I will probably die on this hill. I take this idea with me into every issue of Discorder — have we been slow enough? Have we given people enough time? Did we prioritize observation over absorption? Take, for example, Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton's HORSEY, I LOVE YOU. You will move from Broadway, to the bush, to reddit, to 1988, and it's all because of a horse. If that's not an act of love, I don't know what is.

When the entertainment is merely the world: treacherous, un-magical, and new, and new, and new, I hope you find something here to linger on.

human after all, -T

main dungeon

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You may also direct comments, complaints and corrections via email.

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PUBLISHER: Student Radio Society of UBC // STATION MANAGER: Jasper Sloan Yip // DISCORDER STUDENT EXECUTIVE: Thea Flora // EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Tasha Hefford // ART DIRECTOR: Ricky Castanedo Laredo // SOCIAL MEDIA COORDINATOR: Lauren Park // ADMINISTRATION COORDINATOR: Audrey Reich // CHARTS: Aisia Witteveen // DESIGNER: Ricky Castanedo Laredo // CONTRIBUTORS: JT, Kalena Mackiewicz, Natalie Hanna, Noor Ghazal, Sho Ritco, Zhina Fullad, Seo Park, Saige Halstead, Gillian Birdsong, Sophie Galloway, Claudia Reilander, Cassandra Ogalino, Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton, Alistair Henning, Scotia Barry, Matt Schmidt, Brian Lee, Ekam Juneja, Julia Zhu, Shawna Tan, Lucy Forderer, Jake Rumbold, Francis Rogers Alvarez De La Cadena, Angus Nordlund, John Craig, Elita Menezes, Gabriel Bell, Mark Lynch, Sire Menace, James Spetifore, Dani Your Darling // PROOFREADERS: J Slip, Tesha, and a screaming mouse

Mort & Buds Megamix

or some contributor bios of DEC/JAN 2024-25

SHO RITCO

(they/them) is an illustrator residing in so-called 'Vancouver', B.C. They are interested in making lots of things like zines, poetry, landscapes, comedy, and painting graphic abstractions.

JAKE RUMBOLD

UBC LFS 2nd Year

KAREN ZHOU

Karen Zhou is passionate about; online resources, freshly turned compost, the yellow fish stencils by roadside drains.

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(she/her) is a student in the Faculty of Arts at UBC. She writes in various forms with a particular interest in screenwriting and fiction. When she's not working on a piece, you can find her watching cringey television or speed-reading a book she had to finish for class last week.

FRANCIS ROGERS (ALVAREZ DE LA CADENA)

(they/she) is a queer, neurodivergent, albertan/mexican filmmaker completing their BFA in Film Production and Sociology at UBC. They love records, cortados, and procrastination.

MICHAEL YAP

I like drinking coffee, playing guitar, watching movies, and cleaning dust out the corners of my room. After great reflection, I think the key to finding happiness in life is watching Black Country, New Road's live performances and dressing up as Phoebe Bridgers for Halloween.

SAIGE HALSTEAD

I <3 Art.

BYEONGHUN LEE

Monkey covering eye emoji.

GILLIAN BIRDSONG

Multimedia traditional artist.

KALENA MACKIEWICZ

Vancouver cartoonist for Discorder Magazine since 2016. Proudly supporting Vancouver Culture Arts.

NIC PEERSON

Nic is also reading the contributors section. Fancy meeting you here.

SCOTIA BARRY

Scotia is a self-taught artist based in Richmond, BC. Unlike most, she began her artistic journey just two years ago, shortly after graduating University with a degree in Psychology. Wanting to explore other interests before pursuing Grad school, she ended up securing a job working on a Production team for a local Animation studio. This is where she was introduced to the Creative industry and became privy to the endless possibilities that existed within it. Coming from virtually zero artistic knowledge, she knew it would be difficult to start from scratch in such a competitive field. However, her newfound passion for illustration and concept art was so strong that the decision to dive in was a no-brainer. Since then, both Scotia and her art have grown at a spectacular rate in such a short amount of time, and she is so grateful to feel a sense of belonging in this world. Scotia's inclination towards her art primarily focuses on themes of dreamy pensiveness and the darker, more erratic sides of human emotion. She hopes to utilize her passions in Psychology and Art, as well as her introspective and emotionally intuitive nature to create impactful pieces that spark the reflection of oneself.

ALISTAIR HENNING

Alistair Henning is an award winning portrait photographer based in the Lower Mainland.

NATALIE HANNA

3rd year cogs student who likes jazz n spring and hates ranch dressing! ig @_natalie_hanna_ (◡.◡) !

MATT SCHMIDT

Matt is an indie filmmaker born in Port Alberni, BC. He has been writing for most of his life and has been an avid concert-goer since he was in the womb. His debut short film "The Space Left Behind" is slated to hit the festival circuit later this year.

ANGUS NORDLUND

Poems, opinions, and short stories that can never seem to get finished. Angus is a passionate writer from the small city of Renton looking for any creative opportunity to scratch a constant creative itch. Curious as to what that means? Check out @beefy_writer on Instagram.

DANI YOUR DARLING

propagandist, poet, and pomelo connoisseur. spectacle and spectator. solidarity is a verb! read! wear a well-fitted respirator mask! free Palestine!

GABRIEL BELL

From Southern California, Gabriel (he/him) is a long-time music fan with a record of listening to a new album every day for the last two years and a taste for everything, but a penchant for hip-hop, 50's-60's jazz, and world/historical music, among tons of other genres. Some of his favorite albums are Kendrick Lamar's *Mr.Morale*, and the *Big Steppers*, Saba's *CARE FOR ME*, and Jordi Savall's *Llibre Vermell de Montserrat*.

JOHN CRAIG

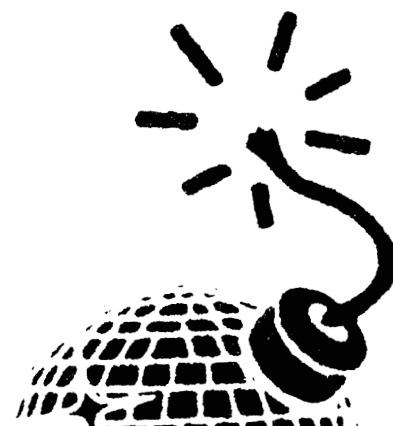
John Craig is a Langara student who is a wannabe UBC student who is also a wannabe music critic. In reality I am sentenced to being a second year Geography student at mini-UBC. (To UBC students: see you next year, take that as you will.)

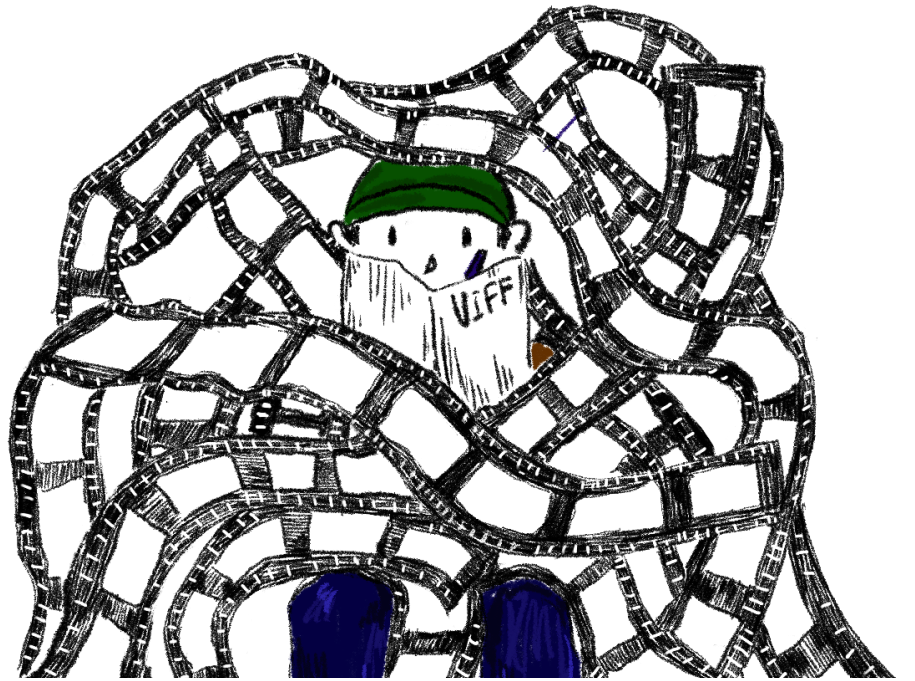
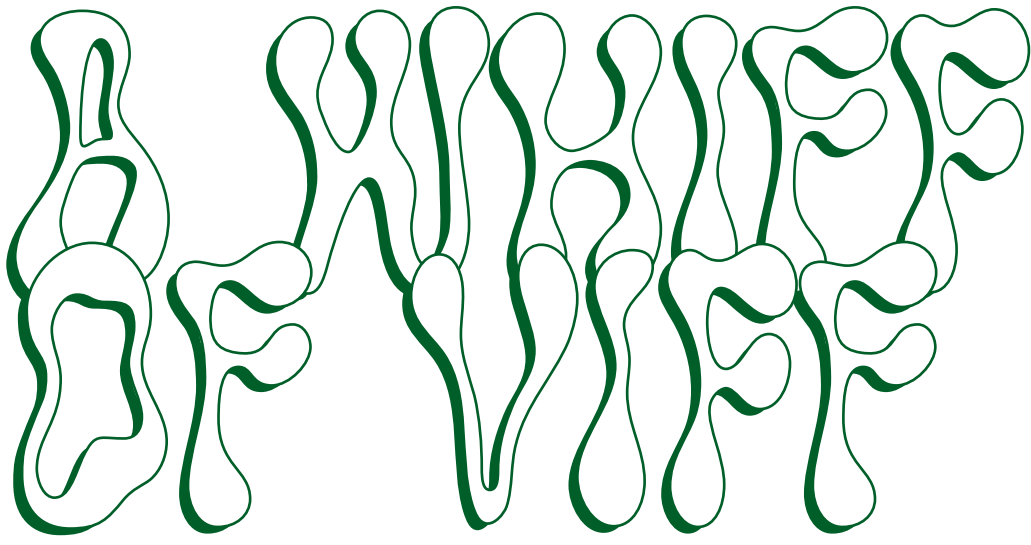
ALICIA L'ARCHEVÊUE

Alicia L'Archevêque is a sucker for writing short fiction/screenplays (until she hunts and gathers enough patience for longer forms). She dabbles in varsity swimming and dives headfirst into dancing to live music & writing Substack newsletters. She is so very happy to be here :)

CLAUDIA REILANDER

A UBC student currently pursuing her BA while she waits to be discovered on the street & integrated into an indie rock band where she can live out her Almost Famous dreams (despite not being able to play an instrument). In the meantime she attempts to be involved in cool clubs & overshares on the internet @claudia_rei





VIFF season — the last week of September and first week of October — is one of my favourite times of the year for two reasons. First, I get to join the in-crowd of pretentious film hipsters who see the soon-to-be award contenders before 99% of other people. Second, I get to see a ton of films I'd otherwise never get to experience on the big screen, and probably wouldn't have heard of otherwise. This year's 43rd annual *Vancouver International Film Festival* was a home run on both fronts.

VIFF 2024 featured a slew of one-word-title films from celebrated auteurs such as Sean Baker (*Anora*), Edward Berger (*Conclave*), Andrea Arnold (*Bird*), Steven Soderbergh (*Presence*), and Guy Maddin (*Rumours*). Other trends of the fest included dysfunctional families, silent protagonists, long cross-dissolves, facial disfigurements, and full frontal male nudity.

As expected, *Anora* stole the show. It easily surpassed my already sky-high expectations. Before the festival, I contemplated framing this article as an awards show of sorts, noting winners and

nominees in various categories. When I actually sat down to decide the winners, I realized I was just glazing *Anora* with 75% of all award categories. The film feels astoundingly authentic thanks to the employment of real sex workers as consultants on the film. Every character is expertly performed and full of nuance. Mikey Madison owns the screen and more than earns her status as one of the top young stars to watch. In the pre-recorded Q&A after the film, Baker described the premise of *Anora* as “what if *Pretty Woman* was only the first act of a film.” Ani, an exotic dancer and part-time escort,

finds herself in a whirlwind romance with Ivan, the juvenile son of a Russian billionaire. After a spontaneous marriage in Vegas after only a few short weeks, it seems like Ani has found her meal ticket to a different life, but it doesn't take long for the fairy tale to come crashing down. Ivan's parents quickly find out about the marriage, and Ivan disappears when they threaten to drag him back to Russia. After a showstopping 28-minute real-time home invasion scene, Ivan's handlers drag Ani across LA in search of her fiancé so they can get the marriage annulled before the oligarchs touch down on US soil, while Ani does everything she can to keep the fairy tale alive. It's Sean Baker's best film to date — a non-stop barrage of laughs, tension, and pure chaos. I never thought I'd see him surpass *The Florida Project*, but here we are. With Baker on such a hot streak — winning the Palme d'Or at Cannes for *Anora* and surely a few Oscars come awards season — I'm given great hope for his upcoming project set in the DTES. I can't think of another filmmaker that I would trust more with such a sensitive subject.

Overall, the 43rd VIFF was a resounding success for the programmers and audiences alike. The festival is thriving since it's wobbly COVID-years, and is well on the way to returning to its pre-2019 glory. While there weren't as many big names this year, there were a lot of big films from the festival circuit — namely Cannes — and a litany of debut films from talented emerging filmmakers. Almost every surprise was a positive one, and I only left the theater disappointed by a select few films. Some of the biggest surprises — and perhaps the most interesting and unique productions — came from our fellow Canadians, and I'd like to give them the spotlight.

The Tragically Hip's discography is required listening for any card-carrying Canadian music fan, and the new docu-series *The Tragically Hip: No Dress Rehearsal*, is now a required viewing. On Sept 28, the first two episodes of the 4-part series were screened at The Vancouver Playhouse, with the filmmakers and The Hip themselves

in attendance for a post-show Q&A. The series is directed by Mike Downie, older brother of late Hip frontman Gord Downie, who lends a personal touch to the production without it coming across as a puff piece. This thing is packed full of jaw-dropping archival footage and audio recordings that go back to the boys playing their first live gigs at their high school dance — years before The Hip would officially form, and nearly a decade before their debut album. It's a certified tour-de-force of rockumentaries. While the first two episodes elicited laughter and cheer from an electrified audience of fans, a box of tissues will duly be needed for the second half, and the inevitable tragic finale we all know is coming.

40 Acres won the audience award as part of the “Altered States” category this year and it's easy to see why — the film is a crowd pleaser and highly socially relevant. It's a post-apocalyptic thriller set a decade after an epidemic has all but eradicated the animal biosphere, leading to mass famines and civil wars across the globe, and farmland becoming the world's most valuable resource. Danielle Deadwyler stars as Haily Freeman, current matriarch of a lineage of African American farmers who settled in rural Canada following the American Civil War. When a band of cannibals arrive, their territory is threatened, and chaos ensues. R.T. Thorne's debut film is a shining beacon of representational filmmaking, featuring what may very well be the first bi-racial black & indigenous families seen in film. The film does a good job threading political subtext into the story naturally, and speaks on land sovereignty as well as the preservation of cultural identity amidst a world that would rather erase it. A perfect screening to be scheduled on Truth and Reconciliation Day.

Paying For It was easily the most meta production on my schedule this year. The film, directed by Vancouver local Sook-Yin Lee, is based on an autobiographical graphic novel of the same name by Canadian cartoonist, Chester Brown. The story begins when Chester's live-in partner, “Sonny” requests an open relationship.



WORDS BY MART SCHMUT / ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN LEE

While Sonny moves on to date other men while still living with him, Chester decides to forego romantic love altogether and exclusively pay for sex instead. What ensues is a fascinating glimpse into the world of early-2000's sex work, and a balance of both the male and female gaze. Colour me surprised when, during the Q&A after the film — my favourite Q&A of the fest — I realized Sook-Yin actually *is* Sonny! Furthermore, the apartment they shot the film at is the apartment where she and Chester *actually* lived together, and it continues to be where Sook-Yin lives today. Now, I'm not usually a fan of films people make about themselves for a number of reasons, but both Sook-Yin and Chester are careful not to cast themselves in an overly-flattering light, and in doing so, are able to paint a truly authentic and heartfelt dual-portrait of this shared experience in their lives. Be warned though, you're probably going to want to watch this one with the curtains closed.

Preface to a History was the shortest and most experimental feature I saw this year, and is also one of my favourites. It's a 60-minute mood piece from Vancouver filmmakers Willa Ross and Devan Scott. The film is jam packed with long, static, wide shots drenched in an incredibly lush soundscape that sucks you in, making you feel present in the world of the film. The narrative is as loose as they come, centering around a faltering relationship. Vlad is a musician — or at least he's trying to be — and Sophy is a young architect. Both are dissatisfied with where they're at in life, and look favorably upon that of the other, illustrating one of the main ideas explored by the film, being the disconnect between our internal and external selves. This film is decidedly not for everyone — stay clear if you hate WWII and/or audio-books — but it was certainly for me, and I will be following the careers of Willa and Devan very closely.

Cherub was another shorty, clocking in at a mere 75 minutes, and features basically zero dialogue throughout the entire film. I adored this feature, which hit me in the feels harder than anything else I saw this year. The film centers around Harvey, an overweight, lonely, straight man who stumbles across a gay magazine in a sex shop called Cherub, “for big men and their admirers.” Forlorn, and feeling invisible to everyone around him, Harvey decides to submit a photo for the “Cherub of the Month” contest. This debut feature from Devin Shears is deeply empathetic — as is the standout lead performance from Benjamin Turnbull — and features wonderfully cozy cinematography and music. It's a beautiful story of self-love, body positivity, and the healing power of admiration, ending on a heartwarming note that'll leave you feeling warm and fuzzy.

Rumours was the first half of my Oct. 1st double-feature with *Anora*, and boy did it set the tone. It's an absurd & surreal

political satire of the G7, wherein each world leader humorously personifies their respective country. The film begins as the G7 meets to form a response to an unknown crisis, and hilarity ensues immediately. The plot involves bog monsters, a giant woodland brain the size of a hatchback, and an AI-driven sex predator catching software. *Rumours* features standout performances from Cate Blanchett as the German Chancellor, Guy Dupuis as the Canadian Prime Minister, and Charles Dance as POTUS (who doesn't even attempt to mask his posh British accent). Steeped in metaphor which will take multiple viewings to unpack, the film's zany antics and one-liners will be enough to keep you entertained — even if you don't know what the fuck is going on half the time. The film is a cynical and scathing jab at our world leaders, constructing a gonzo mirror world not so far removed from our own reality than we might hope it to be.

Finally, while not a Canadian production, I'd be remiss not to mention *Soundtrack to a Coup D'etat*, this year's sponsored *CiTR and Disorder* film. Jazz and decolonization walk hand-in-hand in this densely packed doc, exposing Belgian and American government involvement in the murder of DR Congo's first democratically elected leader, Patrice Lumumba, in 1961. This assassination led to destabilization across Africa, of which sixteen newly independent countries had joined the UN six months prior, threatening the majority vote of the old colonial powers. The story is told entirely through archival footage, audio tapes, and print excerpts, with jazz music being used as a central framing device. The film examines how the CIA manipulated black jazz artists as unwitting “Jazz Ambassadors” sent to African nations, being used as smoke-screens to mask Western intervention. The film builds towards an iconic moment when singer Abbey Lincoln and drummer Max Roach led dozens of black activists to protest Patrice Lumumba's murder by crashing the UN Security Council in NYC. The Congo has never recovered from the fallout of this assassination, and many consequences are still felt across Africa today.

Other productions from my viewings this year that may deserve your attention include *Flow*, a beautifully animated wordless fable from Latvia about a cat banding together with a group of other animals to survive an apocalyptic flood; *Saturday Night*, a fast-paced realtime comedy from Jason Reitman about the 90 minutes leading up to the first ever broadcast of SNL; *The Sparrow in the Chimney*, a Swiss slow-burn psychological dramedy with a tinge of the supernatural, focusing on a birthday party where familial tensions build towards an explosive finale; *The Girl With The Needle*, a disturbing Dutch post-WWI period piece wherein a woman finds herself

wrapped up in an underground adoption agency that is not what it seems; *Grand Theft Hamlet*, this year's Spectrum winner, a hilarious machinima doc about two out-of-work actors attempting to stage a full production of Hamlet within GTA V; *A Different Man*, a black comedy twinged with body horror, chronicling the life an actor with elephantiasis who undergoes an experimental procedure to cure his disfigurement; and the final film I saw at VIFF this year: *Super Happy Forever*, a meditative piece of Japanese slow-cinema following a recent widower returning to the seaside village where he first met his late wife — which was surprisingly not as bleak as one might think.

This year's festival was so stacked that, even after watching 22 films, I still have over 30 other titles shortlisted that I wasn't able to fit into my schedule. Films like *All We Imagine As Light*, *The Seed of the Sacred Fig*, *Emelia Pérez*, *The Stand*, and *Universal Language* all received rave reviews from friends and

colleagues, and have all earned a spot high on my watchlist. In the meantime, I'll keep spreading the gospel about how ridiculously good *Flow* is. If there's one takeaway from the festival, it's that independent cinema continues to thrive across the world. With big-budget blockbusters eating up cinema screens across the world, it's so essential for festivals like VIFF to allow smaller films the chance to find an audience on the big screen. It's films like these, the ones unafraid to be niche and that dare to challenge audiences, which stick with you long after the credits roll. Do yourself a favor and buy yourself some tickets next time VIFF comes around. There are still so many stories out there waiting to be told — and great films waiting to be seen. ☺



TEON GIBBS

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
SOPHIE GALLOWAY



I had arranged to meet Teon Gibbs under the neon pink lights of Mum's the Word on Commercial Drive, and he was late (like, SUPER late.) He'd been laying down tracks for his new album at a studio in Surrey with producer Chin Injeti, and the traffic back into Vancouver was gridlocked. I let him off the hook, because the guy's got a lot on his plate: his most recent album, *The Calm Before* dropped only two months ago, and he's already got another in the works which is close to completion. At the same time, he holds down a day job, runs a record label, organizes festivals and showcases from Vancouver to Kelowna, and sits on the Board of Directors for MusicBC. I couldn't help but wonder, how the hell does this guy sleep?

Teon's new album isn't just a hit, it's a statement. "I called it *The Calm Before* because I wanted to manifest everything after it," he tells me, "a calm moment, a breath of air before the deep plunge into whatever the world has in store next for me ... whether that's artistic endeavours or commercial success." With themes touching on intimate relationships, personal growth and self-reflection, the album is vulnerable and introspective, and stands independently with minimal collaboration and features. It signals a new era that Teon intends to be "a little more thoughtful, a little more intellectual [...] with the intention to grow and get better." Speaking good things into existence is foundational, as he mentions, "I do believe that what you put out into the universe will come back to you, and there's a lot of power in the things you say over your life — your career, your friends or family ... I just wanted to make sure that I was energetically putting out the right things, and trusting that the journey will take me where it needs to take me."

A few days after our interview, Teon invited me to a session with his collaborator Gabe Miller at his recording studio on Powell St., where they were in the process of laying down a new track for, yet another, upcoming release. This time, it was my turn to be late (yes, super late, gridlocked traffic, the works!) but they welcomed me as if it was nothing. I crouched inside the vocal booth, squinting through my camera's viewfinder as Teon freestyled into the mic, which Gabe then arranged and mixed in bursts. In a similar vein to his previous work, Teon described how "a lot of the writing was actually done before there were even beats on the loop." He prefers this more organic approach, moving away from sit-downs with pen and paper and instead "figuring out what the golden moments look like [during] the initial inspiration and improvisation

session, and then just refining it and write and rewrite." Teon's catalogue shows a significant stylistic progression from his first release in 2017, and he's forging his own path to create a new sound in conversation with hip-hop and beyond.

This currently unreleased project acts as a second half to *The Calm Before*, with a host of contrasting musical influences including psychedelia and atmospheric hip-hop, owed to his expansive musical palate. Teon described a childhood living in different countries all over the world, collecting a constellation of influences along the way. These included Afro-house from his childhood in Botswana to his teen years in Croydon's exploding UKG scene, experiences he cites as foundational for "appreciating different music cultures, making [his] palate a little more open-minded." Teon also highlighted community support as an essential part of his journey, having collaborations and features with just about every name in Vancouver's rap and r&b scene. Outside of the city, his notable releases include a series of singles with Peckham's IAMTHELIVING and Haisla Nation duo Snotty Nose Rez Kids. In the so-called No Fun City, Teon Gibbs is carving his own lane and building an empire. His most recent venture, the 100 Collective, is a record label founded with the aim to support underrepresented Canadian artists. Teon's role falls into managing the label's everyday dealings as well as recruiting new artists to the roster, alongside organizing *Do It For The Culture* an annual music industry conference and festival based in Kelowna, which attracts big-name delegates from SiriusXM, Def Jam and Atlantic Records. In British Columbia, hip-hop holds a smaller niche than the province's larger exports, such as EDM DJs and indie rock bands, and Teon's endeavours mean that this often-overlooked genre is finally given a spotlight. When searching for creatives to add to his roster, Teon noted



and angry or bitter and more so about looking towards the future, like, I will not repeat the same patterns.”

I asked Teon about a message or legacy that he’d like his work to leave. “Don’t be afraid. Don’t be afraid of failing, and even when you fail, to keep going. I can pretty accurately say that any success I’ve had is because I have tenacity, and I’m able to push forward.” Teon highlighted the negative effects of hip-hop’s “ego-driven, hypermasculine culture,” which can be rife with comparison and dramatic feuds, leading to the denunciation of more melodic, introspective work as “soft,” but he takes it in his stride; “the way I look at it, I’m being more honest of a person ... it’s okay to reinvent yourself.” Looking back over the last few years, it feels as if Teon has found his peace. “I’m happy with the person that I am becoming. I’m just in a place where I just care a little bit less about what other people are doing or saying about me [...] I’m more secure in myself as a human being.”



his intention to recruit more women of colour musicians in hip-hop and r&b. In particular, he looks for “people with a go-getter mentality, who are also very community-based: it helps if they have something they’re passionate about, and they’re championing something, with some kind of story behind them.”

Teon’s desire to protect and nurture BC’s hip-hop community has extended beyond his personal projects, leading him to be nominated to sit on the Board of Directors for Music BC in December 2020. “I wanted to reinvest my time in the community and make sure that our community was being properly represented. That was a big thing for me: a lot of these decisions are being made, and people don’t think about these underrepresented genres. So, I’m making sure that I’m on this.” This emphasis on community-building has had outsize impacts, with Teon’s main audience now reaching outside of Canada to New York City, Los Angeles and Chicago. “That’s an achievement to me. It makes it feel real [...] that I can go to a different city and bring in a crowd — it was a good feeling.” As the old saying goes, if you build it, they will come.

The Calm Before feels authentic, as if we are meeting Teon on his own terms. The album took over two years to complete, and was not without a struggle. “I went through a pretty tough breakup about two and a half years ago now, and I think it forced me to start making better choices as a human being. I just wanted my music to reflect where I was at in my life. I felt like my artistic career was different from my personal life ... [and now] I want people, when they meet me and hear the music, to be like, ‘Yeah, this makes sense. You seem like the same person.’ Although the breakup was tough, I think it made me a better person, I have perspective now, and I think it’s a lot less about being petty

Maintaining self-worth in the music industry is no small feat. Conforming to the themes of specific genres in order to maximize your outreach can feel conflicting, and it takes guts to stay true to yourself and your vision. In *The Calm Before*, Teon presents a collection of tracks that walk the line between bravado and introspection, writing the story of his bid for a big break. The album draws listeners in with the strong hooks and casual, laid-back lyrics of introductory tracks “Big Money” and “Holding On.” Teon sets the scene which develops throughout the course of the album, with standout songs including “Phases”, describing heartbreak and past relationships, and “Pusha Baby”, the album’s most-played track on Spotify featuring BC-based producer 40k. I was particularly struck by the album’s final track, “Forever”, which is a deep-cut meditation on trauma and self growth. *The Calm Before* is Teon’s strongest musical output so far, owing to its heightened vulnerability and infectious fusion of sounds.

As our time together came to an end, it felt clear to me that Teon Gibbs is an artist highly committed to his craft and community. His latest album marks a pivotal moment in his journey, with a blend of introspection and experimentation that challenges norms while staying true to his roots. Teon has carved out a space for himself and his community in BC’s hip-hop scene, and his thoughtful approach to his work, paired with his vision for the future, positions him as one to watch. As he continues to push boundaries and evolve, his journey reflects not just his growth as a person, but also his potential for a broader impact on the music industry in Vancouver and beyond. 😊

visited Pegah Tabassinejad's *Entropic Fields of Displacement* with a certain type of worry — one you have when entering an empty classroom, or meeting a room full of people, who, let's say, you've only met through a havoc of emails.

I'm visiting the gallery as the city is going through a wreck in weather, the rain is pounding and everyone's wrapped tight in scarves and water-proof jackets. I have thermal layers meant for snow under a raincoat. My roommate's umbrella is getting my jeans wet in a sad moment of non-function, and the #9 bus feels like it's taking me to the Ends of the Earth as we pass Commercial Drive.

Getting off the bus, I walk until I reach a parking lot that seems worthy of a schlagbaum, but is instead coated in wire fencing. One of the first few doors is the *VIVO Media Arts Centre*. I've been here before. Last time was in September, and the sun was still out at 6PM, one of my close friends was partaking in an exhibition and I came to what felt like the Ends of the Earth to support him. Back then the door was wide open, and it was not a Saturday, a day in which *VIVO* is usually closed. The door is locked and I press a buzzer while the rain pelts at my now-functioning umbrella. One of the staff, Carla, opens the door and is very assuring that the exhibition is, in fact, open.

Now I'm walking into *Entropic Fields of Displacement* with an acidity in my throat — thick rock sitting at the bottom of the gut — I'm anticipating an honesty in the work that may trigger something in me. It's one of the last days of the show and it's a Saturday, so it's completely empty and I get this incredibly immersive experience to digest all on my own. It's quite overwhelming; there are seven screens portraying women walking. Walking. Performing. Performing? Not really performing, I come to gather later. I struggle with the headphones for a few minutes, but eventually hear Tabassinejad speaking, "Find someone and look into their eyes for as long as you can."

I've started experiencing Tabassinejad's video installation in one of the "between moments." It's a recorded set of video installments, taken across numerous cities, starring numerous women who are listening to Tabassinejad's pre-recorded voice, from my understanding, giving instructions on how to explore their city. The video works are perhaps halfway through, and so I'm missing the introductory bit that I get to listen to once the videos loop again twenty minutes later. The performers — Zhino Arjomandi, Ilkay Bilgic, Lisette Chehade, Zainab Entezar, Sholeh Jalili Khiabani, Zeynep Neslihan Arol, Shahrbanou Rezaei, and Ghinwa Yassine — are given various directions, such as looking into the eyes of a stranger.

I like to think the intimacy that doesn't exist, as they struggle to look at the eyes of strangers, does, in fact, exist in their simultaneous labour of complying to



Tabassinejad's directions; a transnational solidarity of sorts. I'm not sure if the performers know of each other's identities, or that Tabassinejad's experiencing multiple cityscapes like this, but I imagine a possible solidarity nonetheless. That's the essence of the show — Tabassinejad is unravelling what it's like to be in a city as a woman of West Asia origin, whether in the diaspora, in France, Germany, or Canada, or perhaps in the region, in Turkey, Iran, Lebanon, or Afghanistan.

After I spend a good hour watching the show on loop, I decide to ask the curators a few questions. They tell me I could even email Tabassinejad. So I do, and she responds.

One thing that really sticks with me is this question she proposes, "can the body ever truly unlearn the constraints it has embodied, or does displacement simply introduce new negotiations layered upon the old?" I encountered this inquiry from the start, right as I entered the exhibition. Better yet, before I entered the room. Many years, in fact, have been spent realizing the body's constraints, or those imposed on the body, and this process of negotiating.

She wrote back, "the work became a way to interrogate how the act of walking — a seemingly simple gesture — can reveal complex intersections of personal history, cultural norms, and systemic control. How does the body, conditioned by one environment, negotiate a new one? How do these negotiations alter the body's relationship to freedom, visibility, and agency?"

It's an operation of in-betweens and extreme fluidities. In the not-so-overlapping spheres of luxury afforded by western feminism and the experience of being a West Asian woman, (which often-times acts as a representative rather than the embodiment of being an individual) exist unfortunate mutual exclusivities. For instance, You-Are-a-Person-or-Victim to This or, you-do-not-experience This or Understand This. There are very indecipherable and strict lines that do not do justice to one's experience of the world as a woman or a woman from West Asia. Questions on the topic of "betweenness" exist beyond these categories — but all the categories which insist on our livelihoods, diaspora, woman, West Asian, etc. etc. etc. seem very decisive and rigid.

Suddenly, it's not merely an internal negotiation, but one that transcends the body in new lands, new spaces, and new worlds.

"Find someone and hold their hand"

There are already impositions on the body and the expression of the self in public spaces. This applies to everyone, from my understanding. Public spaces are unfortunately characterized by the need to be orderly. When Tabassinejad asks the women in her videos to find someone and hold their hand, I watched as Ilkay Bilgic (in Istanbul) walked up to another woman in front of a restaurant, attempted to grasp her hand and was looked at as if she'd grown a second head. It was quite comedic really.

In the program handout, there's a line that encapsulates my takeaway from the exhibition: "Tabassinejad's frames are constructed in a manner that poses these women within them as more than torpid victims of circumstance, by intentionally highlighting the innate individuality that each of these women possesses." When these women take up space in these awkward ways, just wandering and exploring the city, it is an act meant to be freeing. It feels like a way of proposing an alternative to narratives constructed about them.

"Find someone and ask if they're afraid of death"

While academia often attempts to cuff lived experience to confined positionalities in order to serve narratives, writings by scholar Nadjie Al-Ali express nuance, and



are incredibly helpful in understanding Tabassinejad’s work. The nuances of existing in several arenas, of being a woman and from the region, is complicated by power structures and manifold hegemonies. In “feminist dilemmas: how to talk about gender-based violence in relation to the Middle East?” they write, “as feminist activists and scholars, wherever based, we cannot avoid speaking simultaneously about corruption, political authoritarianism, sectarianism, the instrumentalisation of culture, religion at local and regional levels, and various instances of what Deniz Kandiyoti (2014) has coined ‘masculinist restorations’.”

This is the simplicity that Tabassinejad’s criticizing in her work, particularly with her directions and points of resistance in the public space — it shows the simplicity of either, A) avoiding larger-scale struggle or B) using said large-scale struggle to build a harmful narrative about womanhood in the region.

"Afraid? Sad? Happy? Liberated? None?"

At some point, Tabassinejad asks the women in her videos to raise a certain number of fingers, associating each number with a feeling. She lists a few options. I remember: afraid, angry, sad, happy, and liberated. I don’t remember who put up what, but I remember them varying, and I remember feeling emotional.

Feminist geographies, or the mapping and building of urban/rural spaces through the feminist lens, isn’t merely academic lingo. To me, it is related to something

else Tabassinejad’s work brings to mind: the woman’s body as simultaneously a site of futurities and ancestries.

I am oftentimes curious to how ‘place,’ in this way, is mapped from the interior to the exterior, how two ends of lived experience and looking in from outside may overlap or contradict one another. I think this idea of ‘counter cartographies,’ or, mapping geographies, extends to the large-scale as well as the small-scale. It’s difficult to express how everything is political without seeming condescending, but identities and positionalities are inherently political.

When I spoke to Tabassinejad about this, she pointed me towards an essay by anonymized writer, L. entitled, “Figuring a Women’s Revolution: Bodies Interacting with Their Images.” This is an excerpt that remains with me —

In truth, what distinguishes this uprising as feminist is this figure-centered character; the possibility of creating images that do not necessarily capture the intensity of conflict, the cruelty of repression, or the unfolding of events, but instead carry the history of bodies. [...] The history of this body is not narrated in a linear temporal continuum on a video meant to represent repression or confrontation or action, but instead crystallizes in a revolutionary instant. Pause on the moment when the woman lifts her torched headscarf and flashes the sign of victory [...] There is no need for the before and after of this moment in a video recording because the figure is created not in a temporal continuum but in a historic arrest, in a pause. It’s where the heart of history stops beating for a second.

ENTROPIC FIELDS OF DISPLACEMENT

words by Selin Berktaş
illustrations by Emilie Paco
photos by Nic Peerson

"I will remember you"

There is an element of surveillance that I am affronted by in Entropic Fields of Displacement. In perceiving these women pursuing small acts of defiance, I am forced to confront my own fear of being observed. This was my initial reaction to coming out of the show, realizing how this fear can consume my livelihood and our liberation.

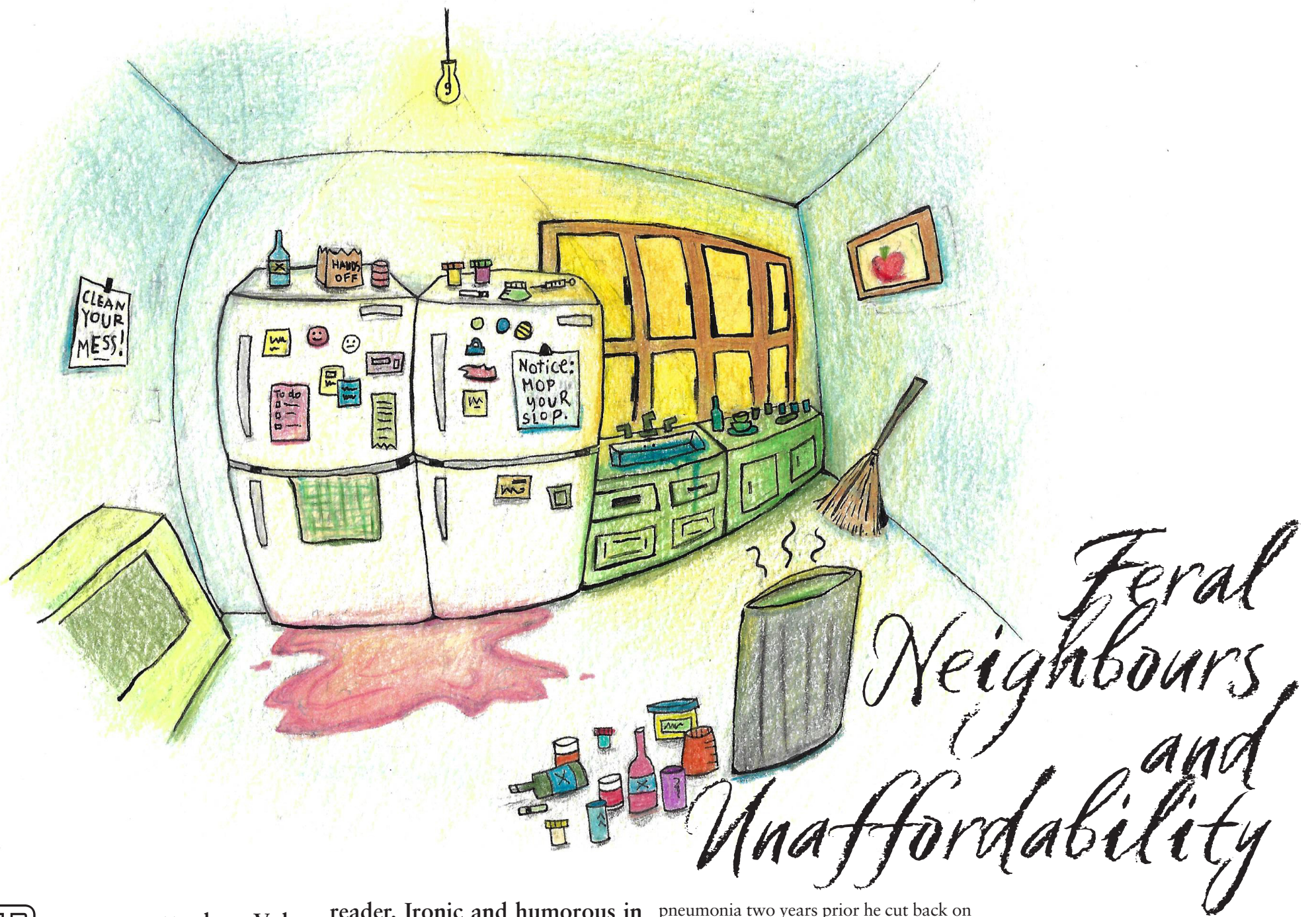
About this, Tabassinejad’s words were careful, encouraging. She reframes surveillance as such; “The women’s movements are guided by my voice or the imagined gaze of the viewer, transforming surveillance into a form of recognition and agency. This shift highlights the tension between the oppressive structures often associated with surveillance and its potential to document, validate, and even amplify acts of resistance. In this way, the act of walking—mapped, observed, and embodied—becomes a mode of rewriting narratives of displacement, belonging, and identity. The body is not only a carrier of history but also an active agent of its reimagination, resisting simplistic representations and demanding a more nuanced

engagement with the complexities of place, memory, and power.”

What Tabassinejad introduces here is a revised surveillance — something key to this work — how surveillance can alternatively be used for an empowering, even liberating, means. This reframing creates space to confront the constraints of our livelihood. And so, Tabassinejad tells the women in the videos she will remember them.

I can’t help but hope for this with everyone I meet from the region, when I feel connected to every woman despite the made-up borders and what seems to me, illegitimate structures. I hope to remember them all too. I hope we walk around the cities together, in Tehran and in Istanbul and in Beirut and be both free from the Western imagination of our livelihood, but also the existing structures present in the homeland.

I am hopeful that narratives will continue to be intentionally complicated, that we will not give up to the insisting of simplicities. 😊



Raccoon attacks, Value Village, and unaffordable housing — Pat Dobie's *The Tenants* paints a bluntly accurate picture of the realities of living in Vancouver. A winner of the 3-day Novel Contest, *The Tenants* is a novel about the harsh realities of living in a city where being attacked by a raccoon is, for many, more plausible than finding an affordable one bedroom apartment. The way in which the story is told allows for a digestible analysis of themes which often appear dismal from the outside. *The Tenants* is a novel centered around the lives of three main characters, Scott, Maeve, and Dave, as they all struggle with their own dreams and the conflicting unaffordability of this city. The story is told from the perspectives of these three characters, switching between them throughout the novel. All three characters have their own quirks which are amplified by the fact that they are speaking from their own perspective, making them more endearing to the

reader. Ironic and humorous in an honest way; any Vancouverites like myself who have been closer to sustaining a raccoon attack than obtaining a home will likely find *The Tenants* quite relatable.

The novel opens on Scott, a forty-five year old arborist living with his sixty year old common law partner Dave, as he recalls the first time he saw a peculiar woman in a tweed suit walking down the street outside their house. This woman is subsequently revealed to be their unhoused neighbour Maeve, who refuses to be bound to the confines of conventional timekeeping. Maeve lives in a tent in a vacant lot near Marine Drive and Victoria and always wears a tweed suit which she bought at Value Village before she was no longer welcome (due to an incident which is not clearly described.)

It is evident from the beginning of the novel (and the tweed suit which she wears in the middle of August) that Maeve cares about keeping up appearances. She is a character who, despite her rather dire living circumstances, never complains or blames them on anyone else. She is living in her own world but still faces the harsh realities of being unhoused in Vancouver. Being resourceful and making the best of multiple difficult situations ends up leading her to befriend Dave and Scott. Dave is a rather reserved person, "a man of few words" who works remotely and enjoys gardening. When Dave fell ill with

pneumonia two years prior he cut back on his work load after he recovered. This has been a stressor on the relationship between himself and Scott. Scott juxtaposes Dave as a louder, younger personality. Scott worries frequently about money because his dream is to own a home; this desire shapes his frugal nature and controls the relationship between himself and Dave. Through the desires of her characters Dobie allows for an interesting analysis of how money, or the lack thereof, can shape lives; and how more interestingly, individual attitudes towards life can have more of an impact on enjoyment than any bank statement does.

Near the beginning of the novel Scott's truck breaks down, and the stress he is experiencing regarding finances and homeownership is amplified by this unexpected expense. In addition to this, Dave is constantly purchasing new beard products and dirt for his garden; a hobby he has taken up in a city owned lot out back of their home. As the stronger personality, Scott voices his opinion about how the unnecessary expenses are a cause for concern should they ever want to afford a downpayment on a home. The stress on Dave and Scott's relationship caused by the price of living is amplified by the fact that things are only getting worse. Contrastingly, Maeve, who is peacefully living in her tent and going about her days in search of food, is not altogether as worried about the state of housing as Scott. She spends her days collecting freshly ripened blackberries

THE ABSURDITIES
OF VANCITY LIVING
AS PORTRAYED IN
THE TENANTS

WORDS BY
CLAUDIA REILANDER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CASSANDRA OGALINO

and investigating the newly abandoned house down the street. The contrast between Scott, who theoretically has everything he needs and is still unhappy, and Maeve, who doesn't even have a home but never appears to get worked up about it, highlights the fact that a situation can be as good or bad as one's perspective on it. Maeve is a very likable character, she has a sense of humour that is perhaps unintentional in the way she speaks; she expresses her disdain for clocks and calendars controlling human existence. She is extremely free spirited and evidently intelligent from the way her internal monologues play out, "You ever wake up and wish the clock said something else? Who's in charge, here?" she begins, "That's not freedom. That's a human made situation. What the clock measures is just an idea: the hour, the minute, the second. They aren't real, but the situation they represent is real. Your time is not your own. People who wake up wishing the clock said something else have a problem, or some kind of deficit. Getting rid of the clock would help with this problem. For a while."

Scott, on the other hand, has a string of bad luck to go along with his anxiety, as he is injured on the job and ordered to stay at home for a week to rest. The added stress of not being able to work for a week causes Scott to snap and say "someone's got to" in response to Dave commenting that he "work[s] too hard". This places more strain on their relationship, and while Scott is home off of work he takes the chance to spy on Dave's finances; only to discover Dave is doing significantly better than he expected. This causes Scott to spiral as he comes to the realization that Dave is making a comfortable amount of money while only contributing the bare minimum each month.

While Scott is busy investigating Dave's finances, a raccoon sets out to attack Maeve. As if the cost of living in Vancouver isn't enough, it seems as if there is always a raccoon waiting around the corner for an opportunity to attack. Forgetting that she has left out a cup of her freshly picked blackberries, a raccoon breaks into Maeve's tent in the middle of the night and brutally attacks her face. In addition to this horrific incident, the next morning Maeve's campsite is cleared by city workers and her tent is discovered. But instead of becoming discouraged, Maeve moves forward. She remembers the abandoned home down the block and decides to sleep there for the night. The abandoned home was inherited by the niece of its deceased owner, and the previous renters have been recently evicted. Maeve lies on the floor and sleeps, her raccoon inflicted wounds oozing.

Meanwhile Dave and Scott get into an argument when Scott confronts Dave about the fact that he is making more money than he lets Scott believe. Dave explains he is getting older and doesn't want to have to suffer with frugal living towards the end goal of a purchased home he may never see come to fruition. Scott, crushed that they don't see eye to eye, is evidently hurt by this statement as he lives and breathes in order to acquire an owned home. They go to bed in disagreement. The following morning when Dave goes to shovel his newly delivered pile of dirt into the garden he runs into Maeve, who helps him shovel in exchange for \$50. The friendship between Dave and Maeve is refreshing, as they don't judge each other with any preconceived notions.

That night Scott tells Dave that he thinks they should take a break from their relationship. Dave, who is completely caught off guard, can not believe it. Scott, who is clearly prideful, says he needs some space to go and pack his things before he leaves. Dave sits outside in the garden and is joined by Maeve who talks, listens, and provides company for Dave in his time of need. The relationship between Dave and Maeve portrays that of a true neighbourly bond which is rarely seen within cities such as Vancouver. They are simultaneously there for one another and don't expect anything in return. Maeve falls asleep while Dave goes to retrieve his old pup tent and some clothes which he places within her sight near the garden. The hospitality provided by Dave with a complete lack of judgment or questioning adds to the simplistic dynamic of human compassion portrayed by his character. Often society judges the unhoused and questions them on how they have ended up in these situations; as if the answer will reveal that it is their own fault. Dave never questions Maeve and only sets out to help

her in whatever ways he can, while also providing friendship. Although it is never revealed how Maeve ended up unhoused in Vancouver, she tells stories of being in Europe and traveling when she was younger, alluding to a life lost somewhere in the past.

Once Scott has packed his bags he sits in his truck thinking to himself "[w]ell, the joke [is] on me now. Homeless at forty-five". This one sentence really emphasizes the fact that life changes in an instant, and no matter how hard you work or who you are, you can end up in unfortunate circumstances overnight. Scott wonders what to do before coming to the brilliant conclusion that he could sleep in the abandoned house down the street. When he breaks in, he discovers Maeve already asleep on the couch on the main floor. This scene paints an ironic contrast between Maeve (who started the novel content but sleeping in a tent) and Scott (who was unhappy in quite a comfortable situation) as they both end up in the exact same house looking for somewhere to sleep. This scene really highlights the importance of perspective when it comes to individual situations. By directly contrasting these characters Dobie demonstrates how perspective can play a huge role in personal happiness. Maeve arguably was more content throughout the entire novel with the little she did have then Scott was with his house, job, and partner.

The following morning Scott contacts the niece who owns the home he squatted in inquiring if he would be able to rent the home for the remainder of the summer. She suggests he stay there for free as a house sitter. After cooling off for a few days after their fight, Scott calls Dave to talk things out and they determine that their relationship may not be over after all. Scott then goes down to the garden where he sees Maeve sitting outside reading beside

Dave's pup tent. Maeve sees Scott too and wonders what happened between him and Dave. She is compelled to ask but decides against it, determining, "[p]eople living in cities have to respect each other's privacy."

Thus ends the story, an encompassing tale of housing and relationships. *The Tenants* is a digestible take on the horrors of housing in Vancouver. Dobie uses characters with strong personalities in adverse circumstances to craft a beautifully touching tale about community within a city which at times seems to be working against its people. She masterfully crafts a novel which is captivating in its content and hits extremely close to home with its portrayal of what it means to live in, and with, Vancouver. Dobie juxtaposes the personalities and situations of each character against one another in order to portray how not only wealth, but also mindset will influence the quality of one's life. *The Tenants* serves as a reminder of how valuable it can be to depend on our neighbours for survival in an unforgiving city. While not all of the issues were completely resolved by the end, the novel illustrates how life isn't all about conclusions but rather solutions and connections. It is important to embrace the absurdity of this unobtainable standard of living. *The Tenants* captures the reality that things will go wrong, and when they do, having someone to rely on makes it a hell of a lot easier to survive. Most importantly, Dobie accurately portrays that no matter what your housing situation may be, raccoons, with their evil chittering laughter, always seem to be mocking the fact that anyone would pay to live in the city that they actively terrorize. Stay vigilant. ☺



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 FUCK TORONTO, FUCK L.A., FUCK SEATTLE,
 BUY TICKETS HERE

OUT OF THE ARCHIVE W/JT.

WORDS BY JT/ILLUSTRATION
 BY KALENA MACKIEWICZ/
 ARCHIVAL IMAGES
 COURTESY OF 604 RECORDS

I walked down a wet Cordova Street to the studio space of 604 Records on a day when the leaves, now changed and bright with autumn cold, half kept to the trees and half lay inch-deep on the sidewalk. My great grandparents lived somewhere downtown, and I always wonder if their house looked like one of these old east van homes, huddled into the shadows of Vancouver's shining towers. When the street numbers started to count up instead of down and the city changed from heritage homes to industry — two poultry processing plants in one block! — I knew I was almost there. I rang the doorbell and stuttered, "Discorder??" to the person who answered. It turned out to be Joseph. Here is where I go back to a few months earlier, back when I was connected to Joseph Martin, who was looking for issues of Discorder from the 90s. This was my first community consultation, and as I pulled out all the boxes — I think there were two, it isn't a big collection — he went through them, clearly searching for something. I asked him what he was looking for and he explained that 604 Records was reissuing music created in the 90s that never reached the audience it deserved. The music would now be available online, to everyone around the world. But they wanted to do more than just release it. They wanted to celebrate the place and time it came from by putting on an exhibition. What he was looking for was anything that could put this music into context, to make it make sense to people now, as it would have made sense to people then.



And he articulated something that struck me, something that I think I've been trying to articulate myself, especially in my first article for *Discorder*, which was an *Into The Archives* piece comparing Vancouver today to Berlin in the 80s. What he said was, "Even though all the tools are different, musicians have that same 'do it yourself' attitude today." Back at 604, Joseph welcomed me into the studio, past various offices, and introduced me to Jonathan Simkin, the president of 604 Records and curator of the exhibition. I introduced myself and explained that, although sometimes I am the *Discorder Magazine* Archivist, today I would be playing the role of *Discorder* writer. We joked about how our jobs looked glamorous to the outside world, but in reality, took place mostly on spreadsheets.

JONATHAN

JONATHAN: Can you mention in the story that I'm eating broccoli, so my wife will be proud?

JT: Okay. Broccoli. Healthy.

I recently turned 60, and was doing a lot of thinking about bands I had worked with years before the label existed [in 2002]. The business was very different then — what bands wanted was a record deal. That was the goal. So I would get hired to 'shop' as they would call it; to solicit music for record companies and get record deals. I was good at it, I got a lot of very famous bands' record deals, like Nickelback and Len.

But as good as I was, many didn't get signed, maybe there was one out of ten. It wasn't like the business is now. If you were not a major label, or indie label distributed by a major label, your odds of succeeding were kind of zero because the major label controlled everything. They controlled radio, they controlled retail,

they even owned the manufacturing plants for CDs.

For all the happy stories, 90% never got a deal, and that was kind of heartbreaking, because unlike today, when a lot of bands can be like, "oh fuck the labels, I'm going to just put it out myself," back then there wasn't that opportunity. If a band I really believed in didn't get a deal, that was it. It sucked. As I got older I started to think about what happened to those bands. It's not like the music wasn't good, it was just that for whatever reason, a major label didn't want to pick them up.

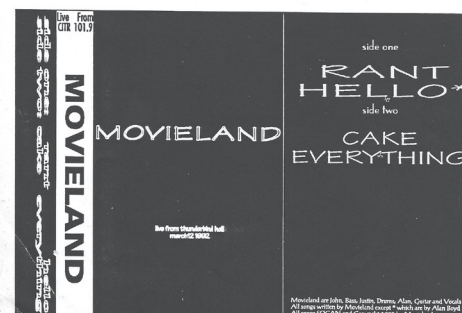
You have to remember that Vancouver throughout the 90s and early 2000s had such a vibrant music scene. I'm not saying it's not this way anymore but that really made me think, "Shit, nobody's documenting this." The Toronto music business is always talking about their past — the scene in Yorkville and the scene on the Main Street — I felt like, for some reason, Vancouver seems almost embarrassed of itself. You know, fuck that. I want to shine a light, not just on these bands, but on what the music scene was like.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD HELL
 CITR 101.9 FM

MOVIELAND

On Thursday March 12 turn on, tune in, and cool out to the sound of MOVIELAND. First time live on CITR 101.9 FM and an event not to be missed. Lose yourself to gravity and

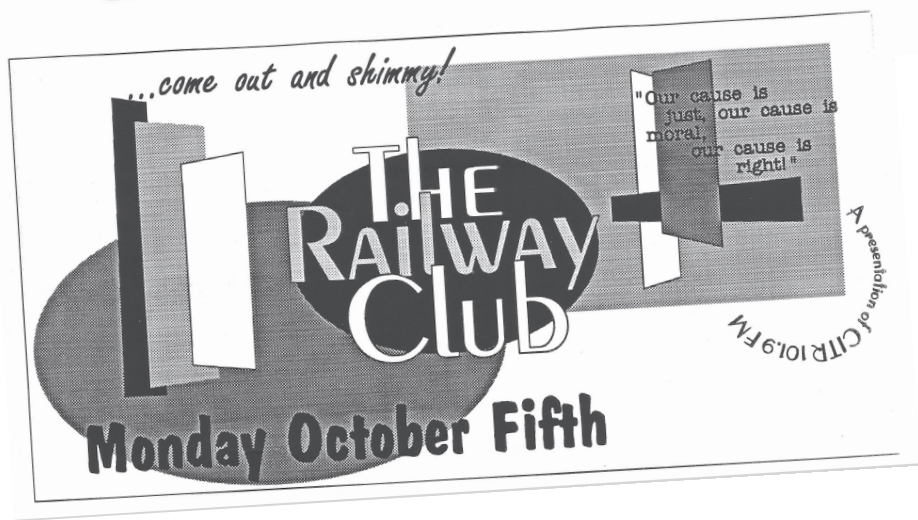
THURSDAY MARCH 12
 10:00 pm to 11:00 pm



And don't forget to record the show on a sixty minute tape of your choice, so you can listen to those great sounds over and over again.

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 NO MEANS A BAD THING
 ALL COMPETENT MUSICIANS
 GOTTA LOVE A BAND WITH GREAT BIG PIECES O' ENERGY
 BREAKING THINGS IS GREAT ISN'T IT
 THREE CHEERS FOR MOVIELAND





JOSEPH: About six months ago, Jonathan sent me an email with this idea, he had all these unreleased records and [was like] what can we do with these? I work here as a senior project manager, and I have a roster of new artists I work with. Bands like The Zolas, Haleluya Hailu, Molly Annelle. This project was really interesting because these would have been the bands I looked up to, since, in 1992 I would have been 10. This is also when I started to discover rock n' roll. I started going to clubs when I was 15 because I tricked the *North Shore News* into letting me do concert reviews — they didn't know how old I was because I got the job through email. So, the work now has been connecting with these artists, finding the music they're comfortable releasing, and then figuring out how we tell the story of these bands to not only Vancouver, but hopefully a wider audience as well.

JONATHAN: They were the first band I went to because they were one of those bands I always looked back on and went “damn it, they deserved better.” It’s a weird thing now to be able to own a label and say, “you know what, I’m going to do

I called Alan, from MOVIELAND out of the blue and said [...] “Do you still have the masters? What if I wanted to put the record out?” and he said something like, “you know I’m in my 50s, right?” When he sent me what he had, there were photos, there were videos, that’s where it sort of expanded in my mind — that there’s the music, but there’s all this other amazing content.

The tools were different back then. Even the way we made posters — with photocopiers and cut-and-paste because this was pre-photoshop. So, in terms of the exhibition, that really intrigued me; showing how the art was created, how the records were created. Pulling on that, “we’re gonna figure out how to do it ourselves and put it out ourselves because we have to” mentality that existed. These were the tools that were available in the 90s vs. what we have at our disposal now.

One thing I love about the 90s and the CD era was the secret song. That's where the

My friend Chad has a gig poster for SNFU in Abbotsford from the '90s. The story goes that particular gig got canceled because this is when the Abbotsford killer was on the loose and everybody was terrified, and the kids couldn't go out, so they canceled the show. We're finding those stories and trying to tell them in conjunction with showing/releasing materials. Alan had all their MOVIELAND *Shindig* posters too, which I thought was really cool.

To see these show posters — after all this time — proves this city has an awesome indie rock heritage. This is an opportunity to tell that story. 😊



THE DIAMOND AND THE BOBLES



Egyptian Dancer and Musician Almaazz and her Mother in Reflection

Late September, as the whirlwind of summer began to dissipate, exactly a year from when we first met, Almaazz and I came together to assemble this conversation between a handful of SWANA women.

The assembly included: Egyptian-Canadian singer, songwriter and dancer herself – Almaazz, Zahia Marzouk, an esteemed educational psychologist and Almaazz’s lovely mother, Noor Ghazal, a Lebanese artist and party organizer extraordinaire, and myself — an Egyptian-Canadian who does a little of a lot of things from creative projects to research and community work.

Throughout the grief which has been inflicted upon Middle Eastern / SWANA folk in, and outside, of the diaspora — especially with recent escalations in hate and genocide which overflow and spill beyond the borders of Palestine — I hope this piece can provide just enough breathing space for all of us to be able to appreciate what art can look like as part of our lives. Here, this plays out in Almaazz’s creative evolution at a personal level, as highlighted through the sacred relationship between mother and daughter.

Across her various physical and emotional transitions, like lotuses blossoming, Almaazz’s artistic expression and relationship with her mother have grown together beautifully. During the reflections they shared, Noor and I couldn’t help but get emotional! Perhaps you may feel it too.

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styling by Almaazz and Zahia Marzouk
Creative direction by Almaazz and Zhina Fullad

Natalie: I want to start at the beginning and ask you about your earliest creative memories. Can you share any little snapshots from your childhood that have stuck with you and still fuel you creatively?

Almaazz: I’ve always really loved music, singing, gymnastics. My mom put me in gymnastics when I was 3, and I feel it helped me develop my musicality. There are so many non-discrete memories, but my first muse was this Russian rhythmic gymnast named Alina Kabaeva. She’s an icon, I feel like she’s always been very inspiring for my choreography, she’s so beautiful to watch.

When it comes to music, it’s just always been around, especially in our culture. At the age where I became aware of how much I loved music, I was introduced to Western pop and that was also the same time Egyptian pop girls like Ruby were blowing up.

I’m curious to trace back some of the intergenerational influences here. Zahia, when you were growing up, I want to ask the same question I asked Almaazz. What were you like creatively and what were you interested in? What did your parents pass on to you? What were your influences?

Zahia: I was very lucky, because my family was quite progressive, especially my grandparents who really valued the arts. My grandfather loved ballet, I remember watching ballet on TV with them Friday nights, my grandpa would tell me how beautiful it was to watch in theatres. He even wanted me to go to a ballet school in Alexandria where you study ballet alongside academic subjects. But my dad was like, ‘no, school is very important and I want her to focus on her academics, what is she gonna do with ballet?’ It’s interesting how my grandpa was looking at things versus how my dad looked at them.

Your grandparents passed things down to both their kids and their kids (you), and your parents passed things down to you, and you passed things down to Almaazz. So, do you see pieces of yourself and your younger creative self, maybe the one who could have become a ballet dancer, in Jude? What influenced how raised her, and do you see yourself reflected in her now?

Zahia: I think maybe if my grandpa had put me in that school I would have turned out to be a totally different person. Maybe that’s why I thought, ‘when I have a daughter I want to introduce her to ballet and music, to let her do other things besides school.’ I want to tell you — I absolutely love watching Almaazz dance ballet. I enjoy watching her perform on stage no matter what she’s doing. I just love watching her. There is something special about how she sings, and how she dances to her music, I can even spot some of the classical moves.

Awww! Zahia, what are some of your other memories of Almaazz as a child?

Zahia: Like Almaazz said, music was always around. There were many different types of Egyptian music — Amr Diab, especially. When she was 1 year and 2 months old, and we had Amr Diab on TV, this song was “awedony” and she started moving with the music. She loved that song. We could feel her love for music and moving her body to it, so my husband and I decided to enroll her in rhythmic gymnastics, ballet, and a school where music was respected and a priority — as important as science and math. Unfortunately, that was not very common in Egyptian schools at the time.

Wow, that’s so heartwarming, it sounds like you were so amazing and supportive of her!

Almaazz: No actually, it took a while. They wanted me to be a choir or opera singer, but I wanted to be a pop artist.

Zahia: A famous opera singer came out of her school in Alexandria, and she’s in the Paris Opera House. That’s what we



envisioned for Almaazz. But this is not what she had in mind. I remember she was 7 and she told me, 'mommy, I want to be a pop star' and I looked at her like, 'are you sure?' I feel guilty now for crushing her dream like that, but it was a different time. I've got to say we've come a long way since we moved to Canada.

It's almost ironic. There's the kind of hyper-academic philosophy that tends to prioritize science and math. Although you were different because you decided to focus on music and rhythm instead, you still had that very classic academic approach to it. It takes baby steps to fully let go of all of that.

Zahia: It wasn't easy. And I always tell Almaazz, please forgive me! Haha.

Almaazz: I have, I have, hahaha.

What came next for you creatively? How do you feel like your artistic focuses have shifted and informed each other over the years — what has that trajectory looked like?

Almaazz: I did rhythmic gymnastics from 3 to 10, and got introduced to dance and ballet in highschool. At the time, I wasn't doing music. I eventually stopped dancing as I got into this stage of comparing myself to stick-thin Russian ballerinas who were insanely good, it made me depressed. That was around 2015, I was 18, and, at the time, there wasn't as much conversation about diversity and body positivity. But, when I stopped ballet, that's when I got into DJing and music. It's funny, because while DJing I was still dancing so much — on stage, in the crowd. Dancing has always been a part of me, even if I'm

just dancing in my room. Dance is also a part of rave and club culture, so being a DJ and being around that culture at the club reunited dance and music for me. Looking back, that was the beginning of Almaazz.

Sounds like you've got many interesting layers of creative influence. There's the classical stuff, the Egyptian stuff. I'm especially interested in what Western culture and music you were exposed to while you were in Egypt versus what you were exposed to in the West after you immigrated. How did those parallel or contrast each other and shape your inspirations?

Almaazz: In Egypt, since I was at a German school and getting trained in Russian gymnastics and ballet, I was exposed to a lot of European influence. Mostly what I took from that was discipline. Although I did learn to love classical music at school, I was also exposed to Western pop and club music of the early 2000s and 2010s. Of course, I still gained a lot of my inspiration from Egyptian music. In my work I still combine all of that.

After I immigrated, SoundCloud was at its peak. I discovered so much alternative music through SoundCloud. God bless SoundCloud. My high school photography classmate took me to see a cool underground club event at the old Red Gate when it was on Hastings. RIP old Red Gate. It was the era of Macintosh Plus and SoundCloud rappers. I started to go to more club events and that's how I met artists and music friends and that's how I got into DJing.

The DJ pipeline is so interesting to me — as someone who's fallen down it as well. Being inspired by so many different

genres, and just feeling this need to combine them. I feel like DJing is so much like building a mood board or vision board, figuring out what the aesthetic is.

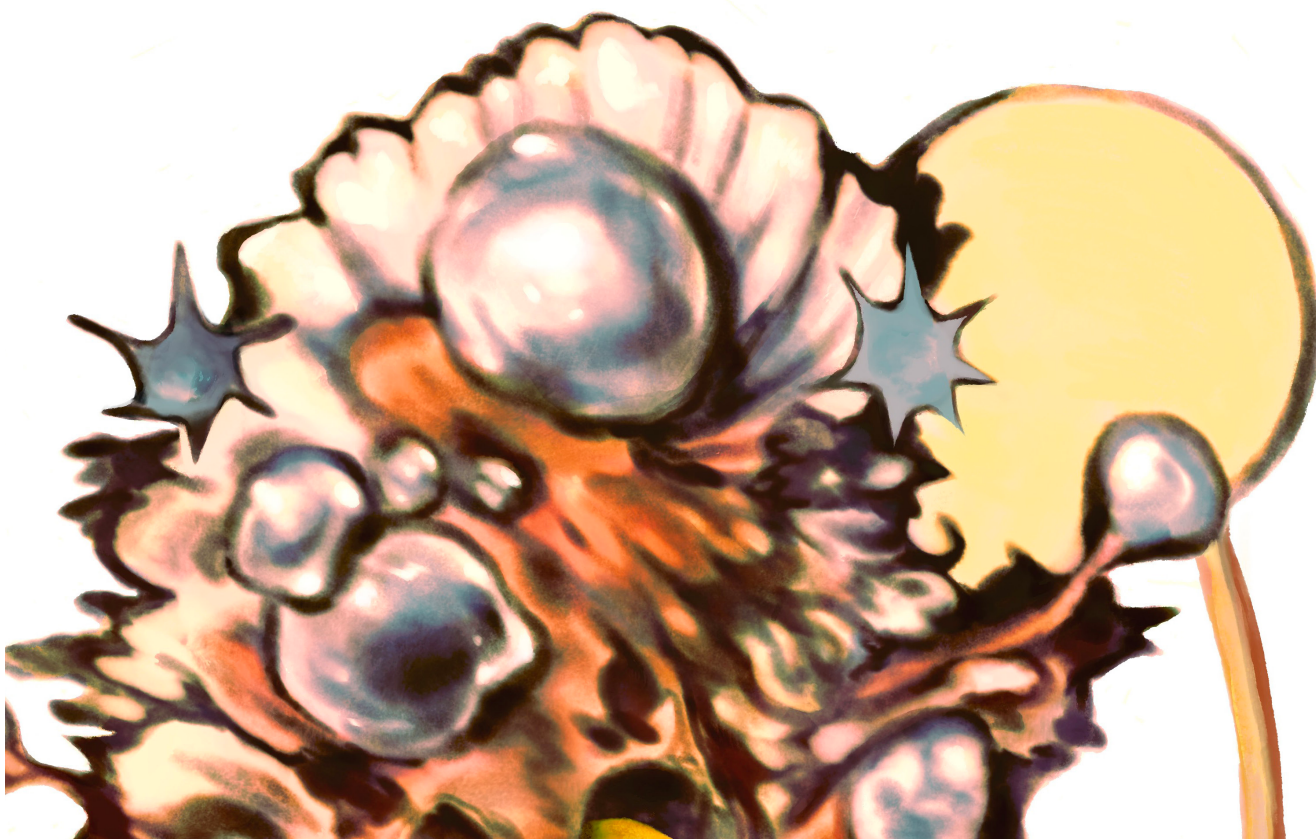
Almaazz: It was definitely another key stepping stone towards becoming 'Almaazz'.

Noor: The name Almaazz — how did that happen? I'm really curious how your stage name relates to your art and this project. Do you feel like it's a different person altogether that you embody when you're on stage?

Almaazz: Almaazz does not feel like a separate entity from me, it is me. Jude and Almaazz are the same person. Almaazz means diamonds in Arabic, and I feel like I resonated with the characteristics of a diamond. It was a time when I was realizing my own talents and I started to believe in myself and see my worth. Diamonds are made under pressure or whatever, corny haha — but it just resonated with my spirit.

Speaking of believing in yourself, I feel like you have such a strong stage presence and really get into character. I have sort of a chicken or the egg question: do you feel like you had to develop your self-confidence and sense of self off the stage in your day-to-day life before you were able to put it on the stage? Or did you sort of 'fake it till you made it' and practice doing that on stage until you eventually internalized it?

Almaazz: I feel like it's always been there. When I'm on stage, I just do my thing and I just enjoy myself, I don't think about it. I don't think about, like, making eye



contact with y'all, do this, do that. I just let it happen. That's the number one piece of advice I got as a gymnast. So by default and habit, I always tell myself to have fun and do your thing.

Zahia: Almaazz was a very shy kid. But once she hit the floor doing gymnastics or singing she transformed and she seemed so free and so herself and she loved it. But off the floor, she was very quiet. She had a Ukrainian teacher, Miss Alina who always told me: "If you see Almaazz anywhere she's like the flower that is closed, but on the floor, she opens up."

Almaazz: Ya it's crazy, I feel like I shined on the floor in gymnastics, I feel like it amplified my true personality. That's why the lotus is my symbol, it culturally resonates but also resonates personally. Aside from it being an Egyptian flower, lotuses are grown in not the prettiest conditions, and then they bloom outside the water. Sort of parallels how diamonds are formed.

Do you think there was a point growing up where you took the confidence you had on the floor off the floor? Because I wouldn't describe you as shy, so when did that transformation happen for you?

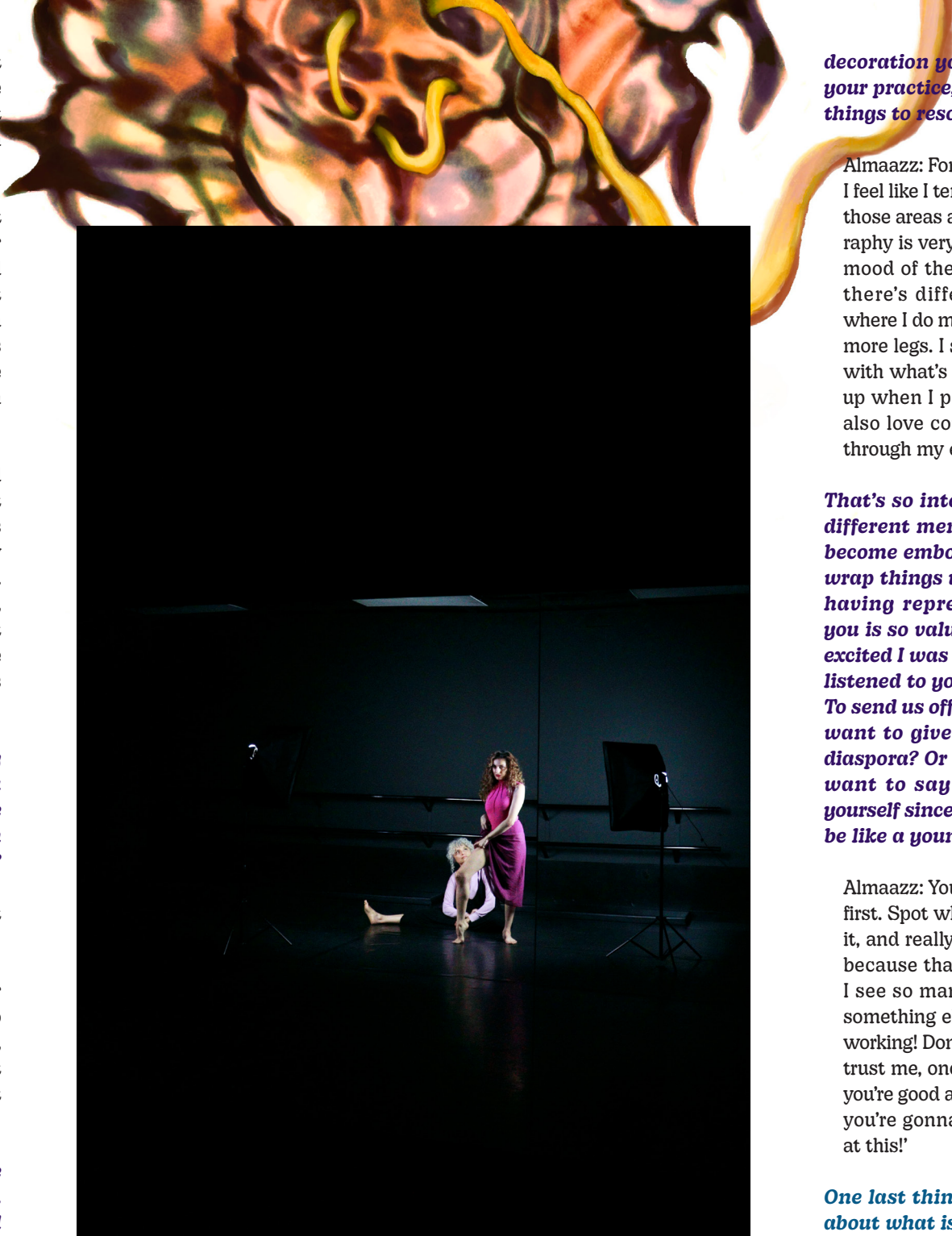
Almaazz: I was forced to get out of that when we immigrated here.

Zahia: Coming to Canada was good for Almaazz, it was also good for us. I had to let go of old notions, support her vision, and think only about what matters: what she wants, not what we want of her. It took us time, it was a learning curve.

Ya, I feel like so many kids in the diaspora have several identity crises. Having to understand and re-understand yourself after being transplanted into a new cultural context. It's interesting to hear more about how it shapes the parents as well. How did those personal transformations, relationship changes and priority shifts happen in tandem with immigration?

Almaazz: When we immigrated here, I was looking forward to being more comfortable being myself. So at some point I was like; 'why did we move here if I can't do the things that I love?' I decided to experience life on my own terms, but I was also stepping out of my comfort zone. I immigrated here when I was, like, 15 and everyone around me was having sleepovers, going to parties and having boyfriends when I wasn't allowed. So I feel it all started with my personal decisions — I had to gain agency, and then that trickled into my career decisions.

Zahia: We came straight from Egypt, and when you think about it, there is really no 'self' there. The self is part of the society. We arrived here with the societal norms of the culture we left behind and it was very difficult [to navigate] with a teenager. It felt like a clash of values. The first five years in Canada were the hardest in my life. I was also trying to figure out how I



decoration you add with your arms! In your practice, where do you usually like things to resonate?

Almaazz: For my music and choreography, I feel like I tend to be more expressive with those areas as well. But also, my choreography is very sectioned depending on the mood of the performance. For example, there's different scenes and sections where I do more floor work which requires more legs. I still tend to be more in touch with what's going on from just the waist up when I perform, especially because I also love connecting with my audience through my expressions.

That's so interesting – how/where the different mental and emotional states become embodied in your dance. As we wrap things up, I just want to say that having representation of artists like you is so valuable. I can't even say how excited I was when I discovered you and listened to your music – so iconic. To send us off, is there any message you want to give to other creatives in the diaspora? Or even just something you'd want to say to a younger version of yourself since, in some ways, they might be like a younger version of yourself?

Almaazz: You have to understand yourself first. Spot what you're good at, work with it, and really make it make sense for you because that's how you'll be successful. I see so many artists try too hard to be something else and it's like — girl, it's not working! Don't focus on what's trendy. And trust me, once you start doing something you're good at you're gonna love it because you're gonna be like, 'damn, I'm so good at this!'

One last thing, I'm excited and curious about what is next for you?

Almaazz: Right now I'm working on an album! I'm so excited because everything is so fresh and it's still 'Almaazz' but it's a different sound from my first project.

I love that. It's so exciting because I love seeing how artists change and grow throughout their work. And I feel like there's all this pressure to do the thing you did before because people liked it. It's really cool to show your growth. I think it's important to create a different mood or vibe for each project.

Almaazz: Ya and I get bored so easily. Like, you cannot ask me to maintain a 10-year-long career with the same sound. I would not be able to do that man. I would get so bored — I need to switch it up!

Sooooo real!! I love that!

We'll do a launch party for you!

Almaazz: Yes, I would love that. 😊

identify as a mom, I kept asking myself, "what values am I going to hold on to, and what will I take from this new society?" Almaazz gave me courage. She just went straight for it.

Almaaz: I literally said, YOLO.

Zahia: I just had to think about what really matters to me. For me, the most important thing is to keep my daughter in my heart. I realized that if I didn't change, I would lose her. So I'm just gonna love her for who she is, give her the space to find who she wants to be.

The mother-daughter relationship is so unique. I think it really changes the way you grow, especially if you're experiencing new things together. I love to see it. And you guys are so lovely. Seeing how your relationship has changed and grown so much is so special.

That's still so beautiful and sweet – I'm tearing up! Recently I've been thinking about where different types of music and instrumentations resonate in the body. I don't know if you know of Gabber Modus

Operandi, it's this crazy experimental Indonesian duo, they did ethnographic musicology research and observed that music in Southeast Asia and Indonesia resonates in the upper body a lot, like the movement of the arms. Meanwhile, in central Africa, there's a lot more focus on heavier drums, and so the music involves the lower body and legs and stomping more. I've been thinking about this and wanted to hear your take — what do you think is the case for Egyptian or SWANA music in general? Where does it resonate? Where does it move your body?

Almaazz: I feel like in Egyptian music we use both. There's a lot of movement in the legs, we use our hips, our waist, our arms, our ribs. But the focus, I'd say, for example, in Egyptian belly dancing, is mostly the upper body to the waist. Like *belly* dancing — you use your waist, hips, your stomach, your ribs, and your arm.

Yes! Belly dancing is exactly what I was thinking of. Even the types of drums are sort of at this medium pitch compared to some other bassier drums. Then there's higher-pitched ornamentation from cymbals and things, just like the



!squeak?



!squeak!



Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

01	02	03	04	05	 FINALE • Infidelity/The Goat String Orchestra/Francis Baptiste/?Numb?Dame? @ Red Gate	07
08	09	10	11	12	13	14
• Rufest @ Green Auto • MJ's Janky Karaoke @ Lido • M01E @ Red Gate	• TALK: Lord of the Flies & Birds & Bees Tour @ Commodore Ballroom • Exodus/Havok/Candy/Dead Heat @ Rickshaw	• Happy Joyful Comedy @ Lido	• Karaoke w/ DJAllSweat @ Red Gate	• Marcus Mosely Ensemble @ Mel Lehan Hall • Coral Grief/Aversions/Energy Slime/Pitschouse @ Red Gate	• Hotel Empress/Garden Mice/Paranoïd Romantic @ Green Auto • Dead Bob/Victim's Family/Invasives @ Rickshaw • Audrey's Birthday @ Red Gate (be there.) • Caleb Teicher/Conrad Tao @ Chan Shun Concert Hall	• Dusknote/Bloom Effect/Petty Crime/Little Garden @ Green Auto • Never Dull @ Biltmore Cabaret • Keithmas XV @ Rickshaw Theatre • V.Vecker @ Red Gate
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
• Thievery Corporation @ Vogue • Sarah Jane Scouten @ Mel Lehan Hall • The Well/Space Queen/Sweet Beast @ Cobalt • Kingfisher Bluez 17th Annual Christmas Party @ Rickshaw	• F.A.R.C.E Comedy @ Lido	• The Annual Film Familia Christmas Party @ Green Auto • Yuma Abe @ the Pearl	• Ira Hardly/Jody Glenham/Bananahaus @ Green Auto • Fundraiser for Sudan/Palestine/Congo @ Red Gate	• LSD/The Search For God @ Fox Cabaret • King Youngblood @ Biltmore Cabaret • 2Fast/Swae N Mase/Elithelntellect/Luis Sait Rose/Trey Denzel @ Red Gate	• Rubber @ Lido • Ripsesh Records Release Party @ Red Gate	• Chris's Cancer Cabaret @ Green Auto • Punxmas Sock Drive @ Red Gate
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
• Chopping Spree/Felisha and the Jazz Rejects/Lizzy Dissovled @ Red Gate			• Karaoke w/ DJAllSweat @ Red Gate	HOLIDAY TIME WELL...		
29	30	31	WINTER MONTH ART BY GILLIAN BIRDSONG			
• Tess Anderson/The Arbuckles/Ezra Franky/Kites On Mars @ Red Gate		• NYE @ Red Gate				

Sunday

Monday

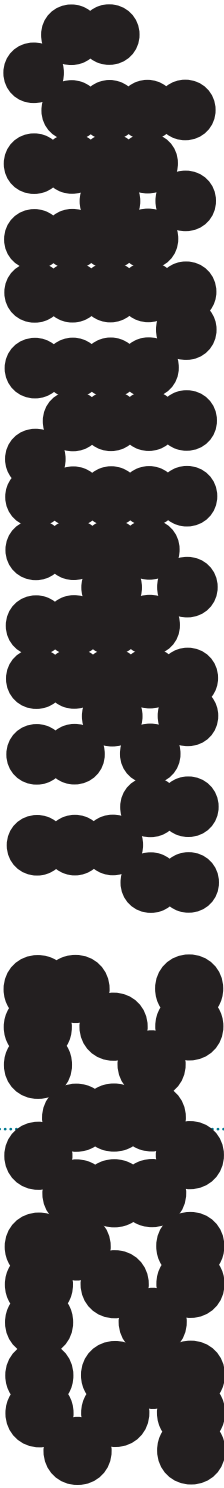
Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday



MONTH ART BY SAIGE HALSTEAD

05 · Nitroglycerin/Asbestos/ Abandoned Yesterday/Raw Nerve Endings @ Red Gate	06	07	08 · Black Flag @ Rickshaw · Karaoke w/ DJAllSweat @ Red Gate	09 · Cime/Terrifying Girls High School/Coup D'Etat @ Red Gate	10 · Slogutis @ Red Gate	11 · K-Pop Scream @ The Pearl · Kids On Fire @ Red Gate
12 · Joel Kim Booster @ Biltmore · Princess Avenue/Phrog/The Sea Goats @ Red Gate	13	14	15 · Olive Klug @ WISE Hall	16	17 · The Ticket Takers/Orra/ Dusknote/Mya Lowe @ Red Gate	18 · Missy D/Tonye Aganaba @ Chan Sun Concert Hall
19 · Often Wrong/Scarlet Fever/ Blindspot @ Red Gate	20 · Arcooj Aftab @ Hollywood Theatres	21	22 · Karaoke w/ DJAllSweat @ Red Gate	23 · The History of Korean Western Theatre @ Roundhouse	24 · Shame Fest 2 @ Red Gate	25 · Ape War/Tall Mary/Luella @ Red Gate
26 · The Main Squeeze @ Biltmore Cabaret · Nemahsis @ Rickshaw Theatre · Disorder, Chaos & Panic @ Red Gate	27 · Catherine MacLellan @ Mel Lehan Hall	28	29 · Monetxchange @ Rickshaw	30 · Elephant Stone/Asteroid No.4 @ The Pearl	31 · Celebrate Africa! @ BlueShore Financial Centre for the Performing Arts · The Vaccines @ Hollywood Theatre · Blindspot/Kama Sutra/Cat Larceny @ Red Gate	

SOMEONE ELSE'S GARDEN

It’s a hard thing not to look over into your neighbour’s yard.

I don’t have my own yard, so I find myself constantly peering into people’s yards on walks around the neighbourhood. I suspect we must all engage in this usually benign activity of looking into someone else’s world, and imagining what it feels like to exist there. Or not. Maybe we’re just looking, taking stock of how thoroughly the neighbourhood closes up their patio for the winter. We likely forget what we even saw, because most of the time we’re just looking but not observing. Wishing things like; “I wish that was mine” for a split second, or thinking; “I am glad I don’t live there.”

Those are the cotidal fences. Low shrubbery to distinguish the “you” space from the space of “others” at its most basic. But our world has other more well-guarded fences, and we use apps like AppleNews+ and TikTok to peer past them. Our neighbours down south are about to make a lot of noise and I know we’ve all been watching. I think we should be worrying. Further out still we witness the gardens of others ravaged by the onslaught of invasion and occupation. Flower beds tilled by the barbaric weight of combat boots and tanks. A harvest of ruin at the hands of world harvesting. Show us observations of the other, spaces not familiar but close enough to witness — forced or not.

What do you see in someone else's garden?

by Lucy Forderer



Burnt Church, New Brunswick—Hugged by the waters of the Atlantic and surrounded by the deep woods of the East Coast. Home to the Esgenoôpetitj of the Mi’kmaq First Nation. Upon entering the village, a crossing of the Church River bridge—where all the kids gather to jump off every year, fighting the current to tramp back ashore. Driving along the coastline, waving to your neighbours, you are instantly transported back into a time amid the vestiges of life. Things stand still, for a brief period. You look into a world so unlike the rest that you’re instantly comforted by its familiarity, even if it is not yours. And that’s the magic of Burnt Church. It holds all that which came before you and holds it so tight it intoxicates your body as soon as you step foot in the sand. How beautiful it is to be held year after year, to peer into a liminal space of time for only a moment, and forget what it’s like to be yourself. © **Lucy Forderer**



The accordionist sits quietly in the park, his music paused for now, as people pass by. His open case holds not just coins but small pieces of connection from those who stop to listen or look his way. Like peering into a neighbor's yard, we catch a glimpse of his world but don’t see the whole story. His tired posture tells of unseen struggles, a quiet moment that reminds us of the lives and challenges we often overlook around us.. © **Ekam Juneja**

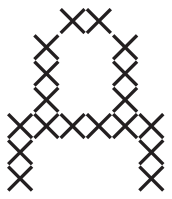
Photography, for me, is often purely engaged in the observation of the other—the act of trying to capture something external to you from your distinctly personal lens. Whether it is benevolent or selfish, the need to distill, appropriate, and immortalize the essence of my encounters into a physical image—a film negative—commands my drive to photograph.

Printed on the pages of this magazine, we witness an intimate moment as the two lie on a field, waiting for the concert’s crowds to dissolve. For a brief moment, the distance between us seemed to narrow, and I became more than just a figure passing by. And yet despite this, the boundary and estrangement I once felt towards these strangers are recreated within my frame. I don’t remember their names, and they don’t know mine. Their faces—this memory—lives in the ink of this paper and in our minds. Who gets to look? Who does it belong to? Us. © **Julia Zhu**



Seattle in November last year. Somehow, this trip feels like a million lifetimes ago. I had stumbled upon a vintage store tucked away in a quiet corner of Pike Place. The man behind the counter moved with a deliberate slowness, his weathered cap barely concealing his silver hair. He was absorbed in some small task—arranging jewelry, perhaps, or cataloguing treasures only he could truly understand. He didn’t look up as I entered, as though this space existed on its own rhythm, independent of newcomers or time itself. This store was a garden of memories. A collection of porcelain figurines lined one shelf, stacks of records piled alongside brooches glinting faintly under the yellow lights, and clocks frozen at some long-forgotten hour. I felt like I had peeked into fragments of lives I would never understand, and I wondered how many other such gardens I’d passed by unnoticed, hidden behind fences of glass, brick, and old memories. © **Shawna Tan**





horse's face is long and narrow, much longer and narrower than our own. When we outstretch our human hands, our fingers rest between the horse's eyes and our palm aligns down the animal's snout perfectly. Standing in Pale Fire Projects before Graham Landin's free-standing figurative red cedar horse compositions, solid as they come, fashioned by way of chainsaw and carved with love — I outstretch my November-chilled palm to the contours of Filly's face, one of two horse sculptures, knowing immediately and instinctually where I would land.

HORSEY, I LOVE YOU

words by Inès Allegra Desuasido Lupton
photos by Alistair Henning
illustration by Scotia Barry



Back in the long warm-bodied days of July, visual artist and third-generation carpenter Graham Landin, joined intrepid Muskwa-Kechika wrangler Wayne Sawchuk on horseback from Gatho Creek by the Muskwa River towards Tuchodi River in the arduous terrain of the Northern Rockies. In the gallery, the naturalistic horse sculptures, Filly and Colt, are installed amongst leafy Alder trees, as piles of horse manure — complete with butterflies — are dotted around the gallery's wood floor. Filly and Colt stand towards each other, a sculptural diptych, mane in mane, like tarot card Lovers carved free from their primordial plain. They journey me along the artist's 80 kilometre trek into the rugged wilderness of Muskwa-Kechika. From Dene, meaning "Bear-Long inclining river," the M-K Management Area is a protected area so uniquely wild it has garnered global recognition thanks to the active safeguarding and care of the Kaska Dena, Treaty 8 and Carrier-Sekani nations. Tight Span started out as a culminating space for Landin's memories which unrolled into a story of an unspoken union between two friends; the commiseration of hard work and earned freedom, and the impending tides we keep at bay to survive another day. Filly and Colt reify this 'Tight Span' and continue this tenderness right into Pale Fire Projects, located on East Broadway, where it lets us in on the quiet magic and Geistesgeschichte of mammalian bonds.

Curator Amy Kazymierchuk opened Pale Fire Projects in the Autumn of 2022 with Landin's Triangle Beach, so it is with great satisfaction I am experiencing the gallery at a full circle moment with Landin's *Tight Span*. Even a small slice of serendipity is enough for me to start smiling to myself. Pale Fire takes its name from act IV, scene III of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens* where amongst the woods and caves by the seashore Timon exclaims, "the moon's an arrant thief, / And her pale fire she snatches from the sun." As I walk through Landin's work, ducking around trees and manure, tracking the sculptures in the fluorescent lighting of Pale Fire, the wood sings and dances. The

reclaimed red cedar grain constructs its own kind of textural patterning across the horses' bodies, not unlike soft and mottled horsehair, they weave around the horse sculptures through natural knots and carved notches from the mane fringes down to the solid wooden hooves firmly planted on the gallery floor. It's at this closeness I become aware of the faint wood aroma hanging from the horses, the light smokiness of the red cedar hugging the skin on my face, only realizing I've taken slower and slower breaths since stepping into *Tight Span*.

Landin's farm-cum-home studio sits on nonoperational former BC Tel fallow lands on the Musqueam plains near the delta of Stó:lō, Halq'eméylem or ʔElhdaqox, T̓silhqot'in, Sturgeon River, colonially known as Fraser River. The banks of Stó:lō are a beachcomber's paradise. Like an off-grid match made in heaven, you can appreciate why the Musqueam named surrounding areas q̓w̓t̓eyəm, Driftwood place and əqtinəs, Long shore. Landin is situated towards the elements he salvages for his art. Known to sculpt from single blocks of driftwood direct from the river, the horses of *Tight Span* are Landin's first foray into sculpting using multiple selected logs, with the primary Brobdingnagian logs being so lofty they were transported to the farm via front end loaders. In the past, he has carved functional sculptures from single reclaimed blocks for stools and chairs and was commissioned by Californian surf-skate clothing brand Stüssy to create 30 sculptures for their stores worldwide. Landin is fastidious and meditative in his practice with a chainsaw, a tool that feels like it begets man, as he carves with it, extension of body, reclaiming new forms from the wood.



The horseback expedition is many things rolled into one; Campfire smoke and saddle oil, one foot in a stirrup hoisting you up closer to a night sky that's so crisp it feels stretched out and pulled taught from one ring to another like a horse-bit, but in the rather inverse case of the horse's bit, it has been the horse between our teeth instead! For as long as we could speak! Has anyone told you to hold your horses? Or that you can lead a horse to water but you can't make it drink? Were you ever told that you should look a gift horse in its mouth? Or hear something straight from the horse's mouth? Ever give something free rein or rein it in? A charley horse, a pommel horse, a sawhorse, a high horse, a Trojan horse, a dark horse, a hobbyhorse, a one-horse town! A stalking horse is a where a company tests a risky strategy by mounting it on a third party thereby remaining hidden. This comes from when we needed to hunt to survive by stalking prey from the companionable and shadowy refuge of a horse's body. To horse around is a phrasal verb meaning we are too playful we leave the bounds of acceptable and approved humanlike behaviour. In less words, we become free, much to the chagrin of others, when we are horselike, when we horseplay. Chalked

into the grassy hillsides of England, the late Bronze Age, Uffington White Horse has been watching over the region since prehistory, a similar chalk horse can be seen in Wiltshire, the Westbury White Horse. A horseshoe is an ancient metal talisman, crafted in the horse's image, a lucky symbol to grasp onto in trying times. In Finland, they erected a colossal gold horseshoe to bring luck over the village of Tuuri (perversely it is ranked as the third ugliest monument in the world) Our language is indeed horse-shaped and standing in Pale Fire their impact extends much further than lexicon alone.

Have you been blessed with an iPad heart and a three-screen mind? I've been on a steady diet of Post-Internet art and Corecore, the Baudrillardian hyperreality of the looming months of a 2025 hyper-everything world feels hungrily pertinent, and as the sawdust settles, and as much as Landin's Folk art stills me; I start laughing because, here with the horses, in the gallery light, the lines are still as blurry. On November 17, redditor u/plsletmestay-incanada posts to r/vancouver, a cellphone photo of Pale Fire gallery titled, "What exactly is this store?"



“I thought I was hallucinating this when I drove by the other day.” replies babymakerwannabe.

“It’s the gateway to Narnia” u/Alphalee “A degenerate art gallery.” u/Cool_Main_4456.

“Tree” says u/c-Zer0 for u/crossplanetrip’s succinct “Horse.”

“[A] Fake horse store for all your fake horse needs” says u/Transcend_Suffering.

“If you don’t know what something is, it’s probably art.” u/antimattr sagely answers, and my favourite comment, the intriguing unknown of u/lookyloo79’s reply, “that store is Vancouver.”

I love feeling information parse and quarter and splinter before the forum-thread. This is the real world right? Always and forever at the end of our clammy palms. The 5 ‘5 horses, the Alder trees, the chromatic yellow of Clouded Sulphur butterflies as they dance atop horse manure feel, in this acute and exacting moment, much realer than reality. Like chinook winds they open up this quieting atmosphere, harkening somewhere else entirely. They weave me, a solitary thread, into and through the complete story of our Animalia. In the Ojibwe language horses are called bebezhighooganzhii meaning ‘one big toenail.’ This 50 million year old one-big-toenailed animal, is quite frankly from the earliest Eocene, is there anything about it? I am standing in the gallery saying yes, yes, yes! Vis-à-vis with Filly and Colt, as they put their heads towards each other, the affective ghost of an embrace, the raw cedar giving off a warm reddish-brown hue. It does not impart a feeling of totalitarian domineering hierarchies and lopsided human led resource

extraction. It does not impart immediate contrapuntal concerns about damned ecologies, tragic climate events, agricultural supply chains, albeit well-meaning messages about nature I have seen expressed by artists and curators alike. But I am kind of tired of art that only has room for echelonic discourse, that only wants me cerebral, that only offers questions and questions and questions. Sometimes in the dark quiet, walking home after a gallery opening, I find myself half-selfish and craving answers. And God, it’s nice to feel! At times, it feels like the rarest thing one can do. This is what the blood-depth warmth of Tight Span ushers in. This feeling of complete and total wonderment for our collective sameness, verging on reverence for our averageness, for our belonging being just another slot amongst the rest of the animal kingdom.

Have you ever imagined you were an animal? And did you ever choose human? I don’t know anyone who has answered yes. I’m still searching for someone who has.

Over one hundred years ago, in the dawning months of 1899, 44-year-old Freidrich Nietzsche steps out onto a Northern Italian piazza and witnesses a horse being whipped on a carriage. Overcome with empathy the philosopher cries out against the horse’s neck, “I understand you! I understand you!” and has to be carried home by his neighbour. After this horse, the man is never the same again. This infamous fable from disreputed origins has been dubbed The Turin Horse and beckoned an eponymous film from Béla Tarr. It is theorized the apocryphal Turin Horse sprang from Fyodor



Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment* in which there is a cruel and commanding empathetic dream scene with a suffering mare. Metaphorised further in the novel from the same author, *The Brothers Karamazov*, horses are invoked as humanity’s greatest absolution, the animal who is able to express even our most severe and latent of empathies. Kazymierchyk and Landin chose to erect no barriers, tape or wires around the horses, so Filly, Colt and I stand together amongst the Alder. My outstretched palm against the rough cedar, remembering. Standing amongst the horses, in their glorious wooden palingenesis, my hand moving instinctually and my breath slowing automatically, I remember that things like instincts are trapped between the manual and automatic, forever dancing between consciousnesses, that instincts hold their

own kind of mysticism in the palm of their hands, and are the reason why put my palm to the horse’s face, but I couldn’t quite explain why.

Filly and Colt invigorate a sense of eschatological returning; it is no surprise, as horses are known psychopomps, they traverse with us through life and afterlife, through our millennia long companionship and are seemingly inextricably and inexorably imbued and dotted across our collective consciousness. In the gallery, I lean my head against Colt getting sawdust in my hair whilst reading Sawchuk’s letter to his horse Bonus, I squeeze my eyes from smiling, outside cars rush past us, disappearing into the night. Sometimes it takes a wooden animal to remind us we are not yet wooden animals. 😊





STORIES WE TELL

A REVIEW OF LEE HUTZULAK'S THE SEARCH FOR WHO WE ARE

WORDS BY SEO PARK

Situated in the hall between the landing space and the back of Lucky's Comics, Lee Hutzulak's *The Search for Who We Are* act as usher, leading visitors further into and back out of the bookstore gem of Main Street. The exhibition is a series of acrylic paintings interjected in some way by its other media — latex, ink, markers, origami paper, tissue paper. They are framed by a nondescript white border, and each depict a flat, colourful, geometric world full of flat, colourful, geometric people. The paintings sit in rows that draw the viewer into a slow, repetitive pace around the small hallway: examining 1, 2, 3, 4, then returning to the start of the path to gaze at 5, 6, 7, 8, and so on. A lone ornate chair sits in the corner, where I sat and wrote my notes after many turns about the hall.

It's the colour that strikes you first: an array of vivid, vibrant yellows, greens and reds, accented by splashes of neon. Then, your eyes may be drawn to the figures that populate each painting. Often obstructed or obscured in some way; coy, mischievous, distant. Perhaps one avoids your gaze, or another smiles impishly at you, inviting you to share in their shenanigans. Another still refuses to cohere into a comprehensible humanoid form, reaching towards you with one large misshapen hand.

In "This is Not the Real World," two such human yet inscrutable figures come into focus, emerging out of a mine-like geometric space and sitting in a sand dune section of pale beige and orange. The white back of a woman-figure faces away from us, looking towards a source of white, cold light from above. Her hair flows across one shoulder, her head slightly tilted towards the light with the body language of longing. Ahead of her, a man with white hair and a beard sits in a pool and implores the woman-figure, gesturing towards an orange distance. His shoulder is marred by an abrupt stroke of black. The didactic reads;

"It took a while to identify useful details in this image, but it was all built around the woman's perfect hair. At one point I put a window in the sky which flipped it from an exterior to an interior, and lit the gloomy cave with a ray of hope. What's he saying and what's the chip on his shoulder?"

All of Hutzulak's didactics are similarly playful, describing his work without removal or distance, asking questions of the reader or lamenting the conditions of creation. They also take on a decidedly-undecided narrative tone, building characters and carving out worlds for them to react to. "Is that a pair of lovers walking together in the craters of the moon?" Hutzulak asks.

Another painting, and one of my personal favourites, "Is this Our Bitter End?" shows a volcanic mass of ashy plume. Rivers of magma and fire cascading downward. Above it, a woman dissipates



into the air. "To answer the question posed," writes Hutzulak, "maybe not, judging by her serene look as her hands pour lava like a rebirth, into the shape of her clothing." In the reflection of the glass frame, I see myself. In line with the name of the exhibition, Hutzulak's questions are both inquiries into his own work and invitations towards the audience to search for meaning, tempt to answer the questions with our own way of seeing. Hutzulak searches in the very text meant to explicate his art. The narrative elements in his didactics, what Hutzulak extracts from his own work, serve as an avenue for us to embark on his search.

I'm drawn once again to the people in front of me. Their features are remnant, reminiscent. The woman at the center of "Is this Our Bitter End?" has facial features that almost blend into the beige circle of her face, but not quite. She possesses only her head and shoulders, but the silhouette of the magma below her, in its ball gown shape, signals her personhood — whole and constant. The back and hair of the woman in "This is Not the Real World" signal towards the rest of her body. In "China Cloud," an imposing monster-person is represented through their hand, its shape first indicating a fist. Upon further inspection, I realize that it's an open palm. The imposing figure's mass consist of light, fluffy brushstrokes, indicated only by highlights and shadows. In this way, Hutzulak's people are somewhat metonymic — a part standing in for the whole.

This collection is a product of the pandemic. The year 2020 recurs across the descriptions for paintings such as "Stanley Park," a place Hutzulak imagines as a second home during COVID-19. "China Cloud," the painting with the imposing figure, states that the music venue Hutzulak himself had played at was the beginning of January 2020. Its end isn't mentioned, but a sense of dread hangs in the air and I am thrust back into that time, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Lee Hutzulak is also a musician, and copies of his music sit for sale on one end of the hall. As a result, his music, and

particularly his album, Dixie's Death Pool, become a huge part of his artistic process and product. "Stanley Park" is utilized as its album cover. Listening to the album, I can't help but conflate the two. Dixie's Death Pool is strange, ethereal, aberrant, and accepting. Its sound correlates to the paintings' interjection of shape and form — the chip which mars the old man's shoulder in "This is Not the Real World," the ink, marker, origami and tissue paper that shape and interpret the paint into meaning.

The Search for Who We Are is longingly, tenderly local. Lucky's Comics, where the exhibit is hosted, is, for me, one of the most precious parts of the city. There exists a sense of community and care that permeates throughout the space, and its hallway is no exception. Lee Hutzulak's colourful, abstract landscapes and people are grounded in the familiar: "Stanley Park" depicts a human version of Vancouver's seminal park. "Walking On Alone," whose title comes from the song "Permanent Moon," is born from a walk along the seawall to Granville Island on Canada Day. The artist is outside of the world he depicts, as he depicts them. He watches a theatre class in "Room 704." Each of the figures he depicts, then, is also outside of things, often stuck in their own heads, struggling to find nodes of connection between themselves, others, and the setting that surrounds them. They are rendered simplified and segmented by those who would depict them, or gaze at them. Due to the pandemic, as in "China Cloud," or due to his own reservations and fears, due to our displacement and lack of eye contact, Hutzulak's work portrays a diminishing communal space, where people exist inward and apart from one another. Though I found myself searching for a thematic throughline in Lee's exhibition, the scattered nature of his subjects and settings created a universality — bound by the ineffable cycle of unease and knowing. Yet, we continue to search, to derive meaning, to find stories and characters. The interpretive work of the audience fulfills the final piece in the puzzle of Hutzulak's *Search for Who We Are*. 😊

Vander Review

MUSIC



Mitochondrion

Vitriseptome

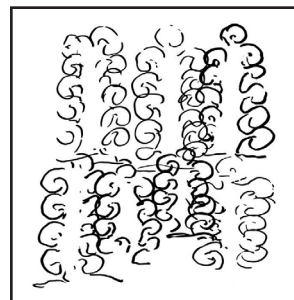
PROFOUND LORE | NOVEMBER 2024

After 8 Years of silence – and 13 years since their last full length – Vancouver-based death metal band Mitochondrion released their 3rd album, *Vitriseptome*, on November 1st. Taking “3 years of focused study and 3 years of automatic writing” this project is anything but underwhelming. The band clearly were studying and writing a lot as the 17 songs, clocking in with a run time of 84 minutes, are nothing to scoff at. Mitochondrion rejects much of the aesthetics that are commonplace in the mainstream of death metal nowadays; there are no spaceships on the cover and no songs about alien overlords, nothing like Blood Incantation, or Tomb Mold, or the hundreds of other bands which share a love for the cosmos. There is, however, still an overlap in themes, with occult deities and rituals, blood sacrifices and the ever-present void, but Mitochondrion seem to take a much more primal spin on it, while still ending up at the same horrifying and unknowable conclusions. The song “Increatum Vox” mentions “Rex Terrae: the bastard born of a blind god”, which I can only assume is a T-Rex, as well as the song “Flail, Faexregem!” name dropping an ancient 'Promethean blaze.' But why does this matter? Chances are, if you listen to this album, you won't be able to make out a single word vocalists Shawn Haché and Nick Yanchuck gutturally belch out, but the lyrical themes perfectly encapsulate the sounds Mitochondrion are able to conjure here.

A fair number of the songs from this project stretch past the 7 minute mark, with the 3 longest stretching past 11 minutes. These songs go well past the typical confines of death metal blast beasts and downtuned, HM-2 distorted riffs. The discombobulating guitars, bass and drums use a hodgepodge of techniques that show that the members of the band are at the peak of their musical abilities. The rapid hammer ons and pull offs of one of the many riffs from “Increatum Vox” help conjure a swirling, spiraling sensation, like we are some lowly bacterium being spun out of the ancient primordial soup. The bare sounding, tremolo ridden riff at the start of “The Protanthrofluge” quickly transforms into a fast and frantic section with a lead guitar that's screaming like it's being chased by a dinosaur. There are surprising melodic sections as well, like the high pitched guitar leads that near the end of “Argentum Mortifixion” that add a nice dynamic to the song. Sections like this are anything but calming though, as the blistering drums don't let up and the second guitar is still chugging away. Karl Godard's drumming is also top notch, creating a claustrophobic feeling, like you're surrounded by a violent, stormy ocean, on a desert island where everything wants to eat you. The outro of “Viabyssm” starts with this very rhythmic drumming, focusing on a double pedal kick drum, with occasional cymbal hits. As the 2 minute outro continues the cymbal hits increase in frequency and small, rapid fills are played intermittently, creating a really uneasy feeling that's a fitting way to end such an unnerving song. While all the playing on the album is awesome, the part that stood out to me the most

was the vocals. Haché and Yanchuck share the vocal duty, and they can oftentimes be heard together, one doing a more mid register shriek and the other is doing the more in your face low growl. The overlapping vocals lead to a really awesome effect where one of the singers comes in a couple milliseconds before the other, giving it a delay-like quality which adds a unique atmosphere to an already unique album. A whole host of other instruments typically foreign to the genre are all also featured here. According to the credits a scythe, flute, bone horn, singing bowl, mandolin, bone rattle, mortar, bandoneon and chains all are audible on this record, although with the frantic guitars and domineering drums they are not the easiest to make out, but add to the incredible atmosphere regardless.

The album's long run time is also one of its greatest feats . At first the idea of an hour and a half long dissonant death metal album was daunting to me, I am a lover of the genre, but anything above the 45-minute mark makes me very apprehensive. And at first this held true, my first listen or 2 had me gasping for air by the time the final 2 songs came on, there was just so much to digest and my Instagram Reels addicted brain was already struggling enough on all the 10 minute long songs that I would find myself distracted and unable to really pay attention to “Viabyssm” and “Antitionement,” the 2 closing tracks. But finally, after a long and arduous 2 hour bus ride from West Van to Dunbar my issue with the length disappeared, and I was able to appreciate everything this album had to offer. The hour and a half run time might be this album's biggest strength. There is so much to unpack here, so many riffs to discover and fall in love with, so many cool little production tricks, and different instruments to find in the mix. Through the 17 songs, *Vitriseptome* offers countless secrets in a vast, ancient world for listeners to find. –JAKE RUMBOLD



Apodelia

Hotspring

MOOD HUT | MAY 2024

Winter is upon us, my dear Apodelia. The skies are a muted grey on this calm, peaceful, drizzling afternoon in Berlin. It's 2pm, you've just woken up in your flat, and the brutalist cement architecture of the building next door brings you comfort in its bare simplicity. You pull yourself up out of your wood-pallet cocoon, sluggishly walk towards the kitchen, and open the door to a vignette of emptiness. To no surprise, your fridge is a dark scene of stale sourdough, half a stick of butter, and a flat, three-day-old opened bottle of Augustiner-Bräu München lager. Instead of buttering up a sad slice of bread (Andy Shauf reference), you put on your scuffed up New Rocks and walk down the three flights of creaky stairs. A gush of crisp air bites your cheeks as you open the front door to Glanzstraße. The neighbouring door reads “Glanzstraße 6,” which brings us to track #7 on Hotspring's newest album *Apodelia*. *Apodelia* was released on May 10th of 2024 as Hotspring's second solo release via the Vancouver-based record label *Mood Hut*, who have one of the coolest website landing pages by the way. Scott Johnson Gailey released their previous album, *Obit with Sunshade* back in 2020, and four years later, the ambient-loving, tranquility-seeking, and experimental-adoring have been blessed with the 27 delicate minutes of *Apodelia*. Scott, aka HotSpring, recently played their release party at 777 South Alameda in Los Angeles back in June, but prior to that, played a LP release show at *Mood Hut HQ* in the cozy *China Cloud Studios*.

Instantly, this album drew me in. Through both soundscapes and context, the name *Hotspring* reminded me of the Lussier Hot Springs, which is one of my favourite places in the world, and seeing the track titled, “Glanzstraße 6” transported me back to my days in Berlin. I want to give a shoutout to my laptop with a German-keyboard that I acquired while living at Rheinsbergerstraße 25, a mere 40-minute bike ride from Glanzstraße 6. While giving this album a listen, whether it be in your headphones walking down the street, in a warm bath engulfed by candles and bubbles, or in the living room while your roommate unpacks boxes, *Apodelia* is guaranteed to hug you with its blissful unraveling of ambient textures. It ebbs and flows, balancing both the tranquil and the eerie amongst its nine luminescent tracks. You can feel each song on this album dance up the hairs of your arms; a trance that seems to echo the changing of seasons. Though predominantly overlapping in their lethargic levitations and desolate compositions, a few tracks on *Apodelia* diverge in their tones and emotional atmosphere. The album’s opening track “Blood” starts us off with a peaceful, yet joyous foundation of optimism in what feels like an auditory expression of a vibrant spring afternoon. Laced with dreamy vocals and shimmering reverb, “Blood” gracefully lifts us up into the velvety clouds above. Bordering “Blood,” the second track “Could You?” follows with an ethereal, tranquil, and soft likeness of a quiet spring morning in solitude. In “Day, Moment,” the energy picks up with some more forward percussion dancing in a sultry rhythm, the embodiment of leaves turning orange and falling to the ground. In harsh juxtaposition, “Dealt Hand” takes us to the deepest, darkest corners of the unknown. In the flowing dreamscape of *Apodelia*, this is the epitome of our nightmare. The blissful tone from these first three tacks reaches a turning point as “Dealt Hand” offers us a desolate, eerie, and ghostly winter hum. Alone and afraid, the crescendo of waves softly crashing pair hauntingly with an electronic motif that parallel a foreboding warning. Track five, “Dont Hum Without Me,” pulls us out of this frigid unease, reminding us that the snow will melt, the rain will halt, and the sun will hang high in the sky again. The piano is kind, friendly, and bubbly, pockets of spring begin to erupt. The tracks “Fifty Summers,” “Glanzstraße 6,” and “Organ with Fire” lead us to our ninth and final track on the album, “Three of Swords.” The first three seconds start with an abrupt, yet gentle feedback that unfolds into soothing electric guitar, rounding out the album with a tranquil emotional landscape. Fall turned to winter, winter turned to spring, spring turned to summer, and the cyclical nature of the seasons is on its way to doing a loop once again. The satisfaction of travelling through the seasons has come full circle, and “Three of Swords” set us off into this journey once again.

For the Tarot baddies, the three of swords card is in the minor arcana, and according to my wonderful Mushroom Tarot deck booklet designed by Chris Adams, this card is all about heartache and sorrow, but simultaneously about release. In my particular deck, this card is represented by three Psilocybe mushrooms (hehe) that pierce a yellow juicy moon hanging in the deep purple sky. Fluffy grey clouds peak out from behind, perfectly mirroring the poetic essence of *Apodelia*. Psilocybe represents the coexistence of support from within and the absence of such. As our lord and saviour Bob Ross once beautifully said, you “gotta have opposites, light and dark and dark and light in painting. It’s like in life. Gotta have a little sadness once in a while so you know when the good times come. I’m Waiting on the good times now.” The three of swords card reminds us that whether dark days come out of the blue or are anticipated ahead of time, remember to put in the time and care to nurture yourself and lean on those you love. Life is a deck of cards and there are bound to be days that feel like the dread and unease of “Dealt Hand.” If ever at the dinner table and your friends, family, and/or roomies ask what you’ve been listening to, say, *Apodelia* by Hotspring and you will immediately claim the most niche and mysterious person at the table status. Lend this layered album your ears for 27 minutes digitally, or pick up an LP at Audiopile on the Drive. If you’re ever reading a book on a rainy day drinking a cortado in a coffee shop, you know what to listen to, and if you’re ever in Berlin, you know where to go. —FRANCIS ROGERS ALVAREZ DE LA CADENA



chamerion
crises for the modern age
SELF-RELEASED | AUGUST 2024

Who knew the sounds of crisis could be so beautiful? From the odd conflict with your mother, to global warming from the rampant destruction of capitalism, to the inevitable existential dread – sounds of crisis aren’t going anywhere, so why not just attempt to pick out the pretty parts like a love-me-not flower? As the autumn leaves fall upon us and the dark curtain of winter looms over the cloudy horizon, chamerion, aka Annie Li, has gifted the universe with an anthem for us to march to through the seasons. That anthem is *crises for the modern age*.

The journey begins with “change!” It immediately sets the tone with a dark, distorted guitar that screams “fall” through its strings and bounces between the barren branches of the trees outside your house. The first time I listened to this, I was walking home from a bus stop and was shocked to find the lyrics manifesting on my path as willows sprouted at my feet and Chernobyl-level overgrowth drowned my senses. This becomes a common theme throughout the album as chamerion brings listeners into a verdant atmosphere inspired by the Yukon’s rugged yet whimsical landscape.

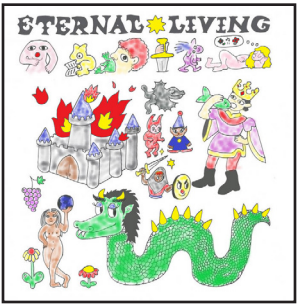
If there is any song on this track that has the potential to be a hit, it’s “arnica.” What is perhaps chamerion’s magnum opus, and her first song released on streaming services, begins with that one-word lyric matching the track’s name. If someone sends you this song and says it reminds them of you, then my god just marry them already. “You look like the threat of spring / you look like an uprising.” She then dares to hit listeners with, “you look like the boreal greens / you look like a fever dream.” I mean come on! This has all the catchy rhymes of a pop song simultaneously downing three shots of poetry-flavored vodka. And to follow each of those compliments with “lately I’ve been reconsidering” is a bittersweet lime for the ears to swallow. You may as well buy tickets in advance because, before we know it, crowds will be singing this at concerts.

In my humble opinion, while “arnica” is the best song on the album, my heart in fact goes out to “aspen groves.” Maybe it’s the faster pace compared to the other tracks, perhaps the title is catchy, or maybe it’s; “Aspen groves / up on the hilltops / and they’re trembling / like I did / burning out on a Tuesday night.” You know those cold winter days when the sun shines through the spotty clouds? Well, the lyrics are like that sunshine, while the guitar is the constant cool air that gets behind your ears and down your neck, making you shiver – though, in a nice way. Beyond that, this song speaks to the feeling of reaching out to someone you used to know who is now only present in the form of memories. You cling to their fading hand as it slips through your fingers and off into the horizon, never to be seen again. “Far from home / farther than you were / when you left me / and it sunk in / I should have trusted my intuition.”

Now if you thought that was sad, oh buddy, you have heard nothing yet. “妈妈 (māma)” is a track dedicated to all mothers and the sacrifices they have made for us to get to where we are today. Honestly, it could be for any parent. Everyone I’ve talked to about this song has said they cried after hearing it, and although I didn’t cry (mostly) I did find myself wanting to call up my mom and tell her how thankful I am for everything she has done. Chamerion adds beautiful pieces of imagery unique to her relationship with her mother. It is not my place to tell the whole story, but I will say it includes frog legs, pond ducks, century eggs, and looking for earthworms in the soil. Besides, I could never do it justice.

Of all the crises in this album, there is one on many peoples’ minds. On “for palestine,” chamerion sings an ode to the place where people suffer more than any of us listening could imagine. Wherever there is occupation, oppression, or both, it is our duty to stand firm and protest. “There’s been blood on the land that I always sing about / And I must know whose it is and of the context

of its spill / And if the bloods seeks to stain then who am I to say that I'll advert my gaze and that I will stay still." These lyrics coupled with the acoustic guitar that gently but defiantly strums its way between each syllable is inspirational. While we may find beauty in some crises, we cannot ignore the horrific events unfolding. chamerion teaches us that at the end of the day "we must see we must learn the flowers from those / who showed them that land how to live how to know / and their blood should not be why the poppies / have a space to grow." Free Palestine. -ANGUS NORDLUND



Roswit
Eternal Living
SELF-RELEASED | APRIL 2024

Get thyself to the jukebox and stop showing thine ankles because the Beach Boys have gone medieval! Well that's how *Eternal Living* by Roswit sounds. *Eternal Living* is medieval themed punk band Roswit's debut album and it sounds as if the punk of the '80s met the surfer rock of the '50s met the indie rock of today. These punk elements come through in the raw, unadulterated vocals of the album, while the guitars and the melodies sound like they are somewhere between the '50s and the modern day, all with a medieval twist of course. The medieval-style instruments and lyrics add a great charm to the album while the vocal style and instruments make each song fun to listen to. That said, the album does not work so well when sitting down to listen to it in full. At the midpoint, the songs start blending into each other rather than sounding unique from that which came before them. Nonetheless, these tracks are a great listen on their own.

It was during the first track, "Oat's Song," the second track on the album, when I noticed the unique vocal style in *Eternal Living*. This is my favorite aspect of the album. It sounds like the vocals are unedited, and this is something that I admire – that an artist can pull off raw, unedited vocals while still sounding good because it is an optimal way to show vocal talent, but easy to screw up. And *Eternal Living* pulls this off very well. A lot of vocal talent is shown in *Eternal Living*. It is hard to make singing as loud as they do sound good, yet they do it. Furthermore, the singer hits notes that take an immense amount of talent. The punk and indie rock influences really come through in the way the vocals sound, and this is what makes the album unique.

It was also during "Oat's Song" but more so during track 5, "Hermit's Song" when I realized how well composed the album is, and how interwoven the medieval theme is with Roswit's style of punk. "Hermit's Song" is my favorite off the album because it stands out as the most unique of the tracks– especially in terms of tempo – but also because "Hermit's Song" best utilizes the medieval theme Roswit conjures in their discography in general. The use of flute worked amazingly to invoke the medieval theme of the album. This differs from the rest of the album in that the medieval theme is normally invoked with the lyrics, rather than the instrumentation, like in "Hermit's Song." This band clearly is very good at telling a story with their lyrics (which especially comes through in "Garden's Song," "Duke's Song," and "Peasant's Song".) They are also great at making sure their instruments and voices work together to make their music very pleasing to listen to. And, even though the instruments don't tell a story as much as I would like, I still have to give kudos to the album's producer and composers for their work in making each song come together so well – Jarrett Samson is the producer and Penelope Clark and Selina Crammond are credited as composers.

While each song on its own is a pleasurable listening experience, they become same-y at the midpoint of the album. I noticed this during track 7, "Dreamer's Song" in particular. This is why it is my least favorite song on the album. It isn't particularly bad per se, it just blended in with the songs that came before it. This is also evident in track 6, "Peasant's Song," which came after "Hermit's Song," which is where I thought the album would start

diverging and experimenting with different sounds. So it felt disappointing to hear two songs that blended in with the start of the album right after I expected the album to start going in a different direction. And while the vocal style doesn't get old, the instrumentation starts sounding old by the time you reach "Poppy's Song," which is the closing track. This also suffered from the problem of 'blending in' with the rest of the album. Which is not how I would want to close an album unless there is a reason to do so. An example is explicitly calling back to the beginning of the album like "365" calling back to "360" at the end of *Brat* by Charli XCX. However, certain songs blending in with others is my only gripe with this album as a whole. Furthermore, it is a problem that only becomes apparent when listening to the album in one sitting. However, Roswit should still make sure songs are more unique from each other to improve the listening experience of future albums. They need to remember that songs on an album exist in the album, not in a vacuum.

In most aspects this album is a very good listening experience. From the unique vocals, to the charm of the medieval theme, to the well-done composition of each song, to the interesting blend of influences across it – Roswit did a great job in composing each song of *Eternal Living* and I encourage them to keep the quality up. However, I would encourage them to pay more attention to how the album sounds when listened to in one sitting, to ensure the songs don't blend together and become monotonous. Nonetheless, I recommend this album for all who are into punk rock with a medieval twist that also sounds like the Beach Boys. I give this album a 7 out of 10. -JOHN CRAIG



Potatohead People
Eat Your Heart Out
BASTARD JAZZ RECORDINGS | MAY 2024

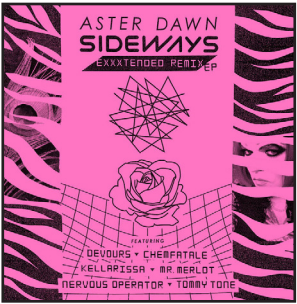
I tried to revamp my love song playlist the other day. I picked through my library, grouping together every tune that fit the criteria. Of course, I ended up with a gigantic collection. The majority of my favourites mull love over in their own special way. Titled *Eat Your Heart Out* it's no surprise that Potatohead's newest release would be well suited for my mega-playlist. I'll preach that to repeat something is to change it – meaning that a common muse can't really be wrung dry. If each new voice that sings in love's name gives it a fresh pair of eyes, *Eat Your Heart Out* has 360 vision.

Potatohead's album is a spacey handful of diverse, yet complementary, genres. The producer duo Nick Wisdom and AstroLogical lay down a steady base of smooth electronic jazz/funk for the album's impressive lineup of features to build on. Diamond Cafe sprinkles in some funky pop-soul, the renowned Redman stirs in a healthy dash of rap and R&B. Each new artist gives the album a more complex and exciting flavour. While the sheer number and variety of features run the risk of sounding like the unpleasant clang of too many cooks in the kitchen, the collaborations here feel supported and highlighted. Without drowning out the unique voices that their features bring to the table, Potatohead People create unity by humming a cohesive tune. This album manifests itself in my head as a meandering house with sick spaceship-esque architecture. Its rooms (i.e. tracks) are decorated meticulously with each collaborator's personal style, yet there's not a doubt that they exist under the same roof. "Formula" invites listeners into the foyer, kicking the album off with the sound of a door being opened and closed. This first track is one of the two that don't feature other artists, giving Potatohead People the space to establish their sound before other voices join in. Perhaps this is the producer duo's tried and true formula to a positively groovy piece, although the song's improvised vibe challenges the notion that anything they make is formulaic. "Formula" is mostly instrumental, mixing electronic music and soft vocalizing with sporadic snippets of brass instruments. I go crazy for hints of brass, so crazy I went! To me, the gateway drug track is "Paradise" featuring Diamond Café. It feels the fullest and it's bumping without being overly energetic. It sounds like lounging comfortably and feeling content;

you could easily get up and dance, but there’s no urgency to show off. The song doesn’t ask you to do anything but bask in it. The melody is dazzling, synthy and has a really delicious rhythm. The jazzy brass is subtle, yet shines with a focused ear on it. I adore the 80s funk influence on “Paradise”. It’s a touch that feels true to Diamond Cafe’s style without straying too far from the universe of the album.

Each track follows the album’s titular theme, although I love how differently each feature approaches eating their heart out. Certain songs yearn cautiously, others with abandon. Some are all encompassing, a few are witty. “Angelwings” featuring Shafiq Husayn and Ivan Ave seems to stray from the theme at first glance, but it’s really just a different recipient. Out of love for his craft, he sings “Being part of my circle’s artistry / Helps the circulation in my arteries” and “Even when it’s 20 below, pen and paper start smouldering / I’m feelin’ real toasty.” This reminder that love reaches past the kind that is shared between two people is so important. If you don’t love your art, why should anybody else? When I first skimmed this album, one of the only things I had jotted down about it was “Genuinely enjoyable.” For all of the aforementioned reasons, of course, but also for a few stray delights, which I’ll rapid-fire if you’ll have me. Kendra Dias’ voice on both “Keeping It Kool” and “Everything You Need” is so refreshing, and runs really smoothly with the melodies. Another piece that jumps out at me is “Follow Your Heart”, an enchanting instrumental and electronic interlude in the album. It’s the second of two songs without features, and the opening sounds like the beginning of a fantastical film. This album is as much of a pleasure longform as it is in out-of-context snippets.

The album’s last track “For the Soul” featuring Moka Only opens with a matter-of-fact chorus: “Love is everything / Love is everything / In life, love is everything / In love, love is everything.” I find it significant that we part ways with Potatohead People on this note. A project with so much variety is recentered, wrapped up at its core. This album’s diversity rides on the generous handful of talented features, although the spaceship-house they share is of Potatohead People’s making. What a gift, tied together by the groovy little ribbon of the producer duo’s vision. If you’re a fellow sucker for a hefty romantic tracklist, lend an ear to this album. Dig in, *Eat Your Heart Out* in good company. Potluck style.—ALICIA L’ARCHEVEQUE



Aster Dawn
SIDEWAYS Exxtended Remix EP
SELF-RELEASED | JULY 2024

The track “Sideways” from Aster Dawn’s second EP, *Sideways 7*”, is unsettling. The heart of the track is a discordant buzz that dips and rises so gently it feels uncertain; then, an electronic beat kicks in over that warbling tone with the sting of a cymbal. The vocal is distinct, performed in a spoken-style with a silvery echo effect laid over it. The song becomes layers of beep, crunch and warble – Snap, Crackle and Pop’s unhinged electronic cousins – that fade out into quiet. It’s an interesting base for Aster Dawn’s 2024 *SIDEWAYS Exxtended Remix EP*, a collection of six remixes done by different local artists. Each transformation is imbued with individual style, a stellar show of how artistry can grow in different directions from a single root. The EP is well-steeped in electronica, a mix of club beats, narrative instrumentals and varied ranges.

The first remix by Devours, “Sideways (Smut Mix),” takes the original track and effectively gets it wet. The start is full of static-y, stinging crunch and what sounds like water drops in the background. It’s quick and fundamentally low, the kind of song you blast when you just want to move. As with pretty much every track in this EP, the instrumental is full of conventional electronic beeps with the odd whistle or two added in. The song breaks up with various solos of button-mash beeping and this chime that runs right down your spine. Its layers diminish into something more focused,

with the addition of an inaudible whispering. While the first half of the track makes you want to move, the latter part moves you. It takes a dip into 3AM contemplation, slowing down into mellow keys. Here is where the track makes great use of the original vocal, echoing it over the track as it repeats the line, “now that it’s gone” as the instrumental laments.

“Sideways (Slip Up Erratic Mix)” by ChemFatale hits the ground running. It has a more intense, concise, almost videogame-like quality to it, punctuated with thuds and a low beat that thumps like a heart on the run. The echo effect on the vocal makes it feel like it’s coming from different places all around, immersively disorienting. The smooth electronic fills out the track. When the instrumentation breaks– there’s a glitch sound, a pause, and then it comes back swinging. The track plays with the vocal by pitch, deepening, cutting it, and weaving it into the instrumental. It fades out into a false ending – or, more aptly, a trap. The bridge drops heavy, smacking the beat around a little, a slide between the high and low electronic sounds with clear trap influence.

The next track, “Sideways (Alien Sex Gang Mix)” by Kellarissa felt deceptively familiar – it uses main sounds from “Sideways,” implementing its own clap-like noise. The real remix, and justification for its mix title, comes in the jarring vocal effect. There’s distortion that makes the vocal sound like a little alien, layered with a high and low pitched version. After this discordant alteration of the voice track, gentle tones float in the background. It conjures the unsettling warble from the original, leaning into the uneasy vibe for an alien abduction theme. Narratively, the interplay between new and original creates an expandable experience. The unsettling, melodic discord and the potential of a deeper story make it unique, despite having so many similar qualities to “Sideways.”

“Sideways (Bootlicker Mix)” by Mr. Merlot has a lot of clinking and tapping to it – suddenly, an involvement of real objects in an EP that so far has been incredibly electronic. The vocal feels quite at home here, leaning into the echoey intensity the song builds up. There’s something tunnel-like about it, evoking the image of night on the subway. The lone beat in the bridge that speeds up – a fast but softened thrum. It fades out with something that sounds a bit like screeching tracks.

“Sideways (Photosensitive Mix)” by Nervous Operator builds up slowly, importing a mix of low-pitched noises that feel suspenseful. There’s something less android-like sleekness about it and more of a “robot in the junkyard” quality – heavy, guttural beeps and darkened vocal elements. The track leans into the vocal again, embedding it into the song by keeping it faint and lacing it into the song. It’s definitely nice to hear songs that aren’t built around the vocal, but where the vocal and instrumental are built into each other. At last, the vocal sounds spatially disconnected, like a voice floating down from above.

“Sideways (HI-NRG Mix)” by Tommy Tone is yet another track that earns its parenthetical title. It cuts right to the chase with a quick, bright beat. The fast hit of the drum, a repeated motif, transitions the high-energy sections quite well. This remix brings a lot of light to an album that is otherwise auditorily dark, adding a sprinkle of cymbal and the zing of guitar. It ends with a frothy fade-out, capping off the EP.

Overall, *SIDEWAYS Exxtended Remix EP* celebrates the transformative nature of art. It’s the same song over and over, and yet it couldn’t be further from that – using the same brush, each artist paints a completely different piece, imbuing original elements of “Sideways” with their own style and interpretation. You pick up little sonic elements that bleed between tracks, but in a way that alludes to a wider foundation instead of being a copy of something that already exists; there’s cohesion amidst the individuality. The EP synthesizes how pure and complete originality is not necessary to make something moving and impactful, and drawing from other work does not need to eradicate originality in the slightest. —ELITA MENEZES



Parlour Panther

BLOOM

SELF-RELEASED | MARCH 2024

Parlour Panther’s *BLOOM*, which released in March of this year after an anticipation-lader three-year wait, is a soundscape in every sense of the word – a musical tapestry that spares no expense in wrapping its listener in its coat of many melodies. It treads lightly where lyrics are concerned, writing just enough to bring you into the emotional world of any given song without narrowing itself so tightly as to be unrelatable. Each song feels like a microcosm unto itself, exploring insecurity, improvement, love (and the loss thereof) and lifting life’s weight off the listener’s shoulders, allowing them a moment to stop, sit, and feel. Much of that can be owed to Frankie and Reidar Brave’s performance, who come through with both a passion and a compassion in their performances, both of which serve this album magnificently. Standouts here are songs like “OMG”, whose subdued delivery only emphasises the grief behind it, and “Mountain”, whose in-conquerability lends it an almost anthemic quality. This is undeniably one of *BLOOM*’s greatest strengths; it says so much with so little, and sells it all with the performances behind it. It truly is a phenomenon that has to be heard to be believed.

Undoubtedly, no part of this album fights for the listener’s attention quite like its instrumentals – and what a case they make! If the lyrics and vocals are *BLOOM*’s emotional foundation, the instrumentals are the art and architecture that establish this album as an auditory wonder for all to see. It limits itself to only a handful of instruments, but puts them to unexpected use, and the effect is that only three or four instruments can seem to divide and multiply into ten thousand unique sounds. One need look no further than *BLOOM*’s first and final songs, “Where Do We Go?” and “Fever Dream”, to see this versatility of style in action. The former sees its listener front and centre in a vortex of gritty vocals and the guitar riffs they’re at times indistinguishable from, while the latter reads like a beautifully distorted rock ballad performed at the edge of the world, an echo of a time and place that marches meaningfully into its final peace.

Frankie Brave’s production on this project is plenty impressive, but this alone doesn’t account for *BLOOM*’s greatness – indeed, this album is a work of love at its most fundamental level, and it is the time, care, and contributions of Parlour Panther’s many members that make this album what it is. Take this album’s synths, credited to both Reidar Brave and Saadi D’Hoore, which prove to be absolutely essential to the sound of the album overall. Songs like “Mountain” see it wearing an almost 8-bit veneer, marching alongside that son’s riffs in a powerful call-and-response relationship, while the title track’s distant, starry synths ease the transition in an out of the hook and its almost vocoder-adjacent vocals. Something similar could be said of Jen Foster’s drums, which fit so effortlessly into each song and provide such a consistent quality to each track that one could make the mistake of taking them for granted and under-estimating their value. Of course, one would be wrong for doing this: a song like “Imperfect” would feel incomplete without those hissing cymbal-and-snare combos, for example – but it speaks to the brilliance of Foster’s contribution that one could almost treat it more like a fact of life instead of an intentional inclusion. It beautifully underlies every song, providing the auditory heartbeat that circulates and motivates every other member’s performance.

None of this speaks to the role of the guitar, credited to Frankie Brave, Saadi D’Hoore, and – at least as far as bass is concerned – Reidar Brave, which is the real emotional backbone of this album. It moves in a potent lockstep with each song’s vocals, simultaneously setting the emotional bar without ever encroaching on the guiding light of the vocals. Songs like “Where Do We Go?” and “Thrivin’” are obvious examples of this excellence; both are defined by the riffs and licks that seem not to come from a band playing before you, but from the skies above bursting open and pouring down. Look, rather, to songs that carve out time for solos in their latter halves – songs like “All I Need” and “Rise Above

It” that give their guitar ample space to shriek and shred to its heart’s content. Any praises sung of this album must necessarily be sung, first and foremost, about the work of the guitarist(s) behind it.

Suffice to say, *BLOOM* is an immaculate offering from Parlour Panther that, if there is any justice in this world, should secure them a spot in the world of Vancouver indie for a long while. Given that the band only began in 2018, that they’re able to put something of this calibre and quality out only six years later is a testament to the talent of all involved. Parlour Panther’s ability to bear their soul before the listener and to rope them into a warm and welcoming hug all at once has carried them far already, and is bound not to fail them anytime soon. We see you, Parlour Panther – and we love what we’re seeing! –GABRIEL BELL



Ringfinger

In a Black Frame

SELF-RELEASED | OCTOBER 2024

Gothic, synth-laden, celestial post-punk – *In a Black Frame* is a pulsating and atmospherically rich debut album from Vancouver darkwave duo Ringfinger. Cloaked in haunting guitar riffs, eerie ethereal keys, and theatrical lyrics, this release leans into the roots of ‘80s new wave while toeing the line between goth-rock and alternative synth-focused sounds.

The album, engineered, recorded, and released by Ringfinger, is a slight style shift from previous self-released EPs from 2019 and 2020; both of which are more reliant on a drum machine backing. This most recent work, released in October 2023, sounds more polished and well-rounded despite having the same original lineup of Mason McMorris on guitar and lead vocals with bandmate Hannah Dow-Kenny on synths, bass and backing vocals. The covers’ shadowy dark frame and deep purples are in keeping with the overall aesthetic which taps into gothic iconography.

The record begins in an ominous fashion with an interlude titled “Black Frame” which sets the tone and draws the listener in with it’s slow build of symbols before launching into the fast paced single “Familiar Placement.” This strong opening uses loose and frantic flanged guitar before building towards an elevated multi-instrument finish. “Behind The Web of Ice” is slightly flatter in terms of range, but equally engaging.It’s a smart follow up to *In A Black Frame*’s blistering start. The drawn out bellowing of “ring the bells” from singer McMorris adds depth and colour to the pedal-tinged guitars on this track.

The middle section of the album is particularly tight and provides a powerful core with a diverse blend of textures and track structures. It paints a world of sombre evaporative images over wandering musical movements and ideological shifts. “An Apparition” sounds like a ready made single with clever guitar work, a loose hypnotic bassline and smooth vocals from both McMorris and Dow-Kenny. The track has an energy that reminds me of Top of the Pop’s-era UK based new wave acts breaking through to the mainstream. “Until We Fade Away (Decay)” begins with a slow Tron-like melody before introducing breathy repetitive lyrics and darker drums. Layered vocals and high octave instrumentations are brought in halfway through the track before an isolated organ finish.

While the track “Chamber of Roses” has a memorable chorus – ‘your breath disappears / like a breath in the night’ it doesn’t stand out quite as much as the other tracks in this arrangement. It doesn’t push on and build on the hook like others and is a surprise choice as one of the lead singles. It’s selection is perhaps due to it being less experimental in nature, and in that context, more palatable in isolation than some of the other tracks which are otherwise more engaging. In contrast, “The Veil of Night” is a catchy upbeat synth-pop bubbler with a really strong hook and balancing use of xylophone keys. It bounces along in a fun and light contrast to other tracks, but still keeps some darkened

string textures. “Upon Acres” is a nice continuation and follow up to “The Veil of Night” with creative imagery in the lyrics of ‘dust and feather / twine and leather,’ ending with an unexpected slow down which incorporates the track title as it fades out. The stalled drum pattern and heavier keys pull your attention in for the albums finale.

The final interlude acts as a soothing instrumental guide towards a very strong finish with perhaps the standout track, “World of Glass.” This last song represents Ringfinger at their best. The band bring together all of the most interesting elements of their sound with hints of Crystal Castles and a synth line that’s reminiscent of Bronski Beat’s synth pop classic “Smalltown Boy.” With themes of fragility and impermanence, the echoing of “our beauty fades / our beauty fades away” is equal parts haunting and settling as it brings the album to a close.

There is no getting away from the obvious comparison to the sound of The Cure. The dense pedal drenched guitar arrangements, unapologetic romanticizing of bleak and sorrowful themes and occasional pop sentiments and songwriting structure are reminiscent of the goth pioneers . However, Ringfinger do undoubtedly apply their own purist approach to the craft of goth soundscape building. At times, the commitment to the gothic aesthetic borders on cliché lyrically but it does feel in service to an authentic connection to this world, which is explored and shared with the listener with a genuine desire to welcome you in and show you around. The passion, focus and theme is clear and the tone consistent.

Overall, this is an excellent and engaging body of work with an interesting palette of sound. There is a noticeable consideration to pacing and use of repetition in lyrics to garner a sense of familiarity which makes it easy to return to the record again and again. Some songs like “An Apparition”, “The Veil of Night” and “World of Glass” elevate the album to even greater heights all within the black frame set out early on. With the inclusion of tracks which lean into experimentation, Ringfinger have left themselves room for growth and exploration with future releases. All while building from a solid and clearly-defined base. One that will keep existing fans on board. This is an impressive debut, with plenty of personality, style and confidence that is sure to establish Ringfingers position within the next wave of BC goth icons.—MARK LYNCH



Gadfly SURA

RIPSESH | JULY 2024

SURA, the second studio album from the Vancouver based band, Gadfly, is an eccentric cultural crash, bringing range and depth to a forgotten genre. From the get-go the band starts heavy on the track “Crude”, which opens with a sample of a news reporter talking about unemployment, insurance and income – a sentiment I’m sure many young Vancouverites can resonate with; the song then goes further, discussing themes of discontentment and exploitation. These are the themes which serve as the backbone of the album as it progresses. Track 2, “Daycare Syndrome” didn’t do much for me, but I understood its placement on the album. It served a purpose, a filler track which sonically makes sense as the second track, it felt like a prelude to track 3. It reminded me of surf-rock bands from the late 80s, yet Gadfly was still able to add their own twist and flair to the song regardless. “Blanche,” comes on with airy vocals and a Left-4-Dead-2 like rumbling, reminiscent of a young Nirvana, Raine and Homa’s vocals, take this and add that femme punk rage & flair to the Kobain-esque vocal riffs. Even the lyrics remind me of Nirvana, discussing youth, numbness, the dead-end nature of working nowadays, this is definitely my favourite track on the album. Their headline track, “Mother Buzzer,” was a bit lacklustre when compared to some of the other tracks on the album, nothing against the song when you listen to it in isolation, but on the album I feel like it was stylistically mismatched. The band has higher energy tracks, pensive tracks, and more cohesive songs that

could satisfy the whole that “Mother Buzzer” would leave. “Serafim” is my favourite track in terms of significance, as, throughout the album there are quite a few subtle references to religion and the occult (the album was priced at \$6.66 on bandcamp) and Seraphim is the highest ranking angel in god’s order – translating directly as “burning one.” I love the track overall, everything from the vocals, to the lyrics, to the riffs – this is an excellent song on the album, definitely up there with “Blanche” because, as a listener, I love a song that can keep me engaged. The slow parts of the song followed by the sped-up riffs give “Serafim” a sense of inertia that I feel only when listening to bands like System of a Down and Tool – although not as heavy. Then, right after, that we’re thrown right into “Sense of Dread,” track 6. This high octane track had me feeling like my teenage self, spiralling downwards – but in a good way. It exudes teen angst in all the right ways, while also managing to create a constant sense of unease, as if hurtling toward for my own death, just for it to fizzle out and leave me in a state of confusion. Overall, an amazingly atmospheric track. Then to close out the album, “Softly Lifelessly,” surprises the listener with a slower 80s Pop-Rock, something akin to an Aerosmith or Kiss sounding rock riff, but with Arabic lyrics, a welcome surprise and intersection of culture and music. I think it is the perfect close to such an album, as it gave *SURA* much needed pacing and a sense of completeness. Without spoiling it, I will add that this is very ironic because of how the song ends (go listen for yourself), but it does its job masterfully.

When looking at this album holistically, I can say that *SURA* is a complete work – which cannot always be said for albums, many of which lack narrative and direction – the songs in *SURA* flow and compliment each other in surprising and intuitive ways, and this thread of continuity is rarely broken during front-to-back listens. Gadfly’s *SURA* is by far my favourite album I have reviewed. I haven’t reviewed many but it’s enough to top my current list! One aspect that could be improved in this album is the mixing, which is mid at best, the low end feeling hollow, resulting in not a lot of depth during the listening experience. This is definitely not because of my system – I would know, I listened to it multiple times both on my stereo studio monitors and on my surround sound system, then compared it with the mix of a Cannibal Corpse record) Because there is a lack of room in the low end, the mid-high end results in a cluttered sound, one where often I felt like I did not know what I was listening to; was that a scream? Was that a riff? Was that percussion? Who knows. The album is plagued with poor mixing, which takes away from the overall listening experience. I must add that I love the femme-punk rage sound this album has; their sound and style is very reminiscent of the Riot Grrrl feminist punk bands of the mid90s/early 2000s, such as Babes in Toyland or 7 year Bitch. I cannot speak to Homa’s experiences (bro I’m a black frat guy, the fuck do I know?) but let her musicianship speak for itself – it is complementary to the message *SURA* is trying to convey. Overall, this album is an excellent introduction for anyone looking to acquaint themselves with Gadfly, and a significant improvement from their last work, *Apranik*. Best Regards, -SIRE MENACE

REAL LIVE ACTION

Piss / la lune / Hillsboro / Natlak

GREEN AUTO, NOVEMBER 2, 2024

I paced around my room hitting myself in the head, calling myself stupid for agreeing to write this review of the Piss live set earlier this month, “stupid stupid stupid,” I was saying, while assessing, “Ok, they’re Like if Slint and Chat Pile wrote a bombastic album together and also talked about their feelings.”

And then la lune came on. My friend Marv always wears a black shirt with a white long-sleeve underneath and I really like that. Ethan from la lune confidently wore a white shirt with a black long-sleeve underneath. Is he evil Marv? Is Marv evil Ethan? I should explore that. Imagine: your favourite 90s shoegaze band is still active, but more bombastic, and it only cost \$20 to see – \$17 if you bought presale.

Hillsboro were tenacious and bombastic. I was told to listen to their album. Live, they are very raw, but *White Trash*, their 2024 release, is expansive and broader. Also they liked my pants and offered me \$50. They’ve got a 90s grunge sound mixed with a bit of midwest emo. They’ve got good hooks and big choruses. They didn’t give me the \$50.

For Natlak, I liked the vocalist’s little bandit mask they wore on stage. It was bombastic. I loved the feedback. It was noisy, it was rough, tough, and brand new. Bombastic, if you know what I mean.—JAMES SPETIFORE

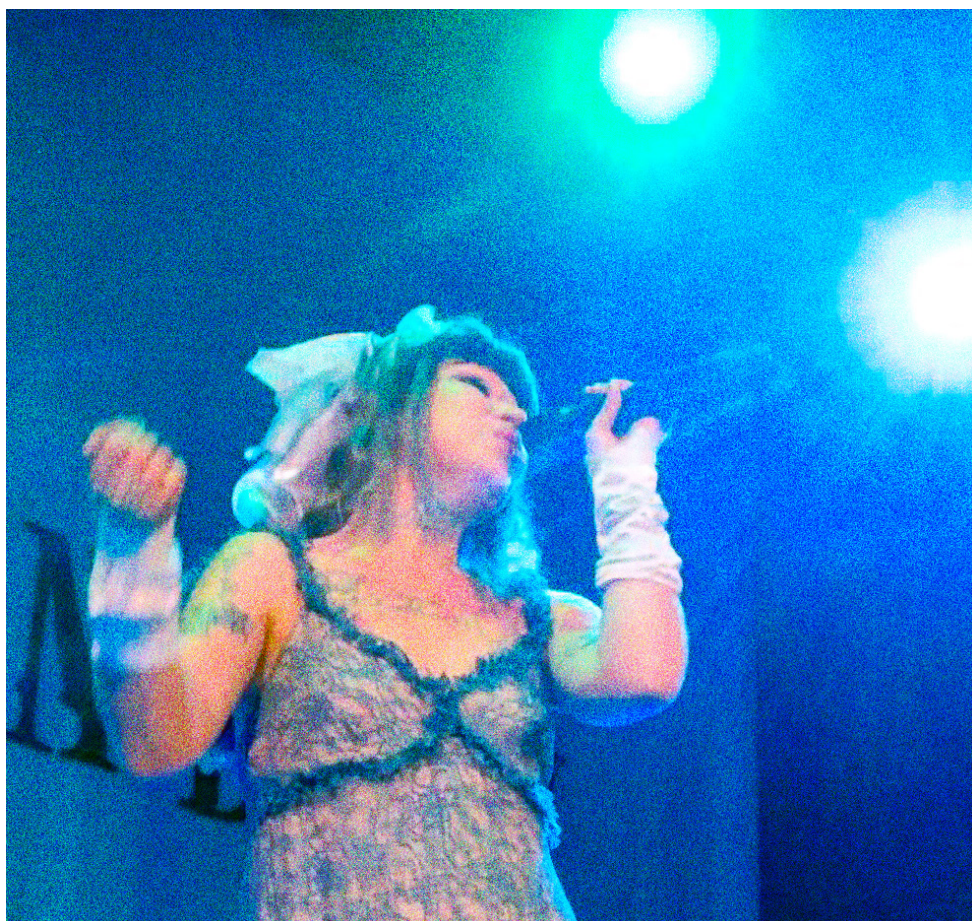
Jazmin Bean / Devours

HOLLYWOOD THEATRE, SEPTEMBER 7, 2024

On Saturday, September 7th, at the Hollywood Theatre, Jazmin Bean put on a lavish show while touring for their 2024 album, *Traumatic Livelihood*. The stage was decorated in their staple colour palette: pastel shades of blue and pink, the mic stand and stage was embellished with flowers, and the stage lighting was fluorescent, setting the ambiance of each song Jazmin performed.

The Georgia Straight’s *Best of Vancouver’s Best 2024* winner, Devours, opened the show performing playfully poetic electro-pop anthems, and introspective ballads from their 2023 project *Homecoming Queen*. Devours sings about growing up and out of fondness for Vancouver in “37up (the longing)”, homoerotic dynamics, and their struggles with masculinity in those spaces. Devours playfully articulates the behaviours of performative activist friends, and depicts practising detachment with people who don’t meet your standards – despite missing the company – in his playful performance of “Reverse Ombre.” In addition, Devours blessed the audience by leaking the title track to their upcoming album that will be out next spring. It Flaunted falsetto and explored narratives surrounding gentrification in Vancouver, dread of the music industry, and existential ennui. There was lots of well-deserved love from the audience clapping along to the beat and dancing in the crowd.

I hope Devours was able to enjoy opening for Jazmin, and feel present for such a pivotal moment in their career – just as much, if not more than, those who were dancing in the audience. As a performing artist myself, I struggle a lot with being present during my sets due to getting lost focused on vocal technique and track logistics, but it is a really beautiful and heartwarming experience, and it’s all that I can hope for every performing artist to experience.



TOP: JAZMIN BEAN BELOW: DEVOURS / PHOTOS BY DANI YOUR DARLING

Jazmin Bean opened the set with the iconic single “Piggie” to set the tone of the concert. “Piggie” honours their playful and bold roots of pop metal, heard in their debut project, *Worldwide Torture*. *Traumatic Livelihood*, however, simultaneously features those harmonious genre-bending ballads Jazmin Bean has grown to embrace more sonically. I loved how Jazmin Bean chose to portray this new era sonically, where they get to stray from a storyline and their renowned anthems for a moment to give us emotionally vulnerable vocals for narratives regarding grooming, interpersonal violence, drug use, childhood trauma, processing one’s pain and grief, and accountability held by fate. I also really appreciated their performance of cult classics such as “Yandere”, “Saccharine”, and “Hello Kitty” as someone who’s been yearning to experience those songs live since 2020. This show induced a nostalgia for the times in which I would watch their music videos with my eyes wide and way too close to the screen, enamoured by their gender-queer, pastel pink, culturally reverent, pop-metal world. It’s been 4 years since then and now they’re right in front of me with a charming stage presence that demands one’s attention – seemingly unbothered by the younger show attendees who lack concert etiquette (full shade, le sigh we cringe on), serving looks and vocals effortlessly. —DANI YOUR DARLING

from the desk of
Dr. Phineas Winnebago...

the STAR CANYON DIGEST

AARROO

Let me stop you right there. As your dream of becoming unfolds, do not overlook what you already are. The deepest happiness is reserved for those who can see what is before them. Most miracles become routine with time.



UURRAA

The factual marketplace is lousy with dazzling illusion. Integrity remains a durable good amongst those still on nodding terms with a shared reality, but it's bad out here. The instinct to always believe what you think is powerful, indeed.

YAUUOOC

Oven-heat season returns and you've come no closer to your promised grand synthesis. Consider surrender. After all, harm is a common outcome of ambitious persons driven to excellence by the shape of their fear.



COOAAUOOC

Forced to contend with the post-glacial rubble of war, commerce and the other great destroyers, most circumstances are chosen for us. Wherever you land on free will, know that good luck takes hard work.

ARRRRE

There are many kinds of love, each of which holds a potential antidote for the quotidian mayhem of our age. Give thanks for each you encounter; understand you will recover from none.



CACTYTAARROO

You cannot know that which you do not feel, and you cannot speak frankly of what you feel until it passes into memory. That may be irrational, but so is pi. The world exists only as you understand it.

CAKORR

Your recent festival of blunders has brought you to the edge of failure without an offering worthy of the abyss. Whatever happens next will be a vivid and painful humiliation. Just try to taste what must be eaten.



CAFAUCCOAN

In simplest terms, corruption is the act of exchanging a precious value for personal gain. As the revolution nears, be wary of those who discount change. Tyranny always calcifies into normalcy before being shattered.

UURRO

Balance - the discrete occurrence of equal and opposite forces - is commonly lauded as a desirable quality of human affairs. It is not. Sometimes it is easy to do the right thing the wrong way



AQUAARROO

Life is hard now, and you lose sleep so that others don't have to. Though often unseen from where you stand, the anchor of your quiet presence is sensed by those who matter. Thank you for your service.

UURROO

When in doubt, move fast.



YUCCORR

Satisfaction has chased you all your life, but you know how to run. Be careful. You have something special. Please don't throw it away



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: PHINEAS WINNEBAGO PH.D., M.D., IS THE AUTHOR OF MORE THAN 14 BOOKS, PRIMARILY NONFICTION IN THE AREAS OF HEALTH AND WELLNESS, AMAZONIAN BOTANY, CRIMINAL JUSTICE, AND MUSIC CRITICISM. SHORTLY AFTER COMPLETING HIS DOCTORATE OF MEDICINE AT THE BAYLOR COLLEGE OF MEDICINE IN 1972, DR. WINNEBAGO BEGAN HIS CAREER AS THE HEALTH AND SCIENCES CORRESPONDENT FOR THE POUGHKEEPSIE JOURNAL. HOWEVER, HE IS BEST KNOWN FOR SINCERELY, PW, HIS INTERNATIONALLY SYNDICATED SUNDAY COLUMN THAT DEALT WITH A RANGE OF SUBJECTS INCLUDING EMERGING NATUROPATHIC PRACTICES, PSYCHOLOGY, PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT AND SEASONAL RECIPES. RUNNING UNINTERRUPTED FROM 1981-1987, THE COLUMN AND DR. WINNEBAGO ARE WIDELY REGARDED AS THE PIONEERING FORCES IN THE FIELD OF ABECEDARIAN HEALING, WHICH GAINED POPULARITY THROUGHOUT THE 1980S UNTIL DR. WINNEBAGO'S ABRUPT DEPARTURE FROM PUBLIC LIFE IN THE FALL OF 1987.

THE STAR CANYON DIGEST APPEARS COURTESY OF CORREIO BRAZILIENSE. DR. WINNEBAGO CAN BE CONTACTED VIA ELECTRONIC MAIL AT STARCANYONDIGEST@CITR.CA. ALL CORRESPONDENCE WILL BE RELAYED-TO BUT NOT READ-BY DR. WINNEBAGO. PLEASE ALLOW 8-12 WEEKS FOR RESPONSE.

THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS EXPRESSED ON THE STAR CANYON DIGEST ARE THOSE OF DR. PHINEAS WINNEBAGO AND DO NOT REFLECT THE VIEWS OR OPINIONS OF CITR 101.9 FM OR DISORDER MAGAZINE.

CiTR 101.9FM Program Guide

"Discorder recommends listening to CiTR every day." - Discorder.

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6 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		PACIFIC PICKIN'		DEMOCRACY NOW!		CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX		RADIO ART OVERNIGHT			CiTR GHOST MIX		6 AM		
7 AM	WORDS AND CULTURE				CiTR GHOST MIX		HARBINGER SHOWCASE		VIEWPOINTS ELECTRONIC INTIFADA					7 AM				
8 AM			QUEER FM		SUBURBAN JUNGLE		IN SEARCH OF LOST VENUES	OUTDOOR PURSUITS	QUEER FM		THE SATURDAY EDGE			FUTURE ECOLOGIES		8 AM		
9 AM	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS				RUSSIAN TIM SHOW		CLASSICAL CHAOS							9 AM				
10 AM			IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD		CiTR GHOST MIX		BREAKING BARRIERS		FILM PICNIC		SHOOKSHOOKTA			10 AM				
11 AM	NANCY'S PANTRY	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	CiTR GHOST MIX	JESSE'S LIT		CiTR GHOST MIX		DISCOLLIE					11 AM				
12 PM	LETHAL REFRESH				THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW		DUNCAN'S DONUTS		DAVE RADIO PRESENTS THE ECLECTIC LUNCH		UNCEDDED AIRWAVES			12 PM				
1 PM	PARTS UNKNOWN		SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI		LA BONNE HEURE W. VALIE	LE REETUAL	FAMILIAR STRANGERS (EVERY 1ST THURS)	WHAT'S IN THE HAT (EVERY 2ND THURS)	HAIL! DISCORDIA! (EVERY 3RD THURS)	MUSE'ISH (MONTHLY)	CHOPPED 'N' SCREWED	THE ROCKERS SHOW			1 PM			
2 PM			LEENIN' WITH JEFF		TRAINING TIME		LYRICS WE LOVE	CiTR GHOST MIX		BEPI CRESPLAN PRESENTS... AND NARDWUAR					2 PM			
3 PM	CiTR RADIO ALL SORTS		TRAINING TIME		I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN		C	HARMONIC HOOLIGANS		CODE BLUE			RADIO LATINA MiXXX		3 PM			
4 PM	CiTR GHOST MIX		TEACHABLE MOMENTS		THE REEL WHIRLED		VISUAL MEDIA	MIXO-TROPH							NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS		4 PM	
5 PM	UNCEDDED AIRWAVES		CiTR GHOST MIX		NOISE COMPLAINT		ARTS REPORT		DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT		PACIFIC NOISE WEIRD		MANTRA (81-WEEKLY)	THE ARMAN AND AKHIL SHOW (MONTHLY)	CiTR GHOST MIX (MONTHLY)	CiTR GHOST MIX	VIVAPORÚ	5 PM
6 PM	SPIT IN YOUR EAR	GOBSTOP PERRR	I LUV U HOUR	EURO NEURO	KAFU MUZIK	CiTR GHOST MIX	ALL ACCESS PASS			FRIDAY NIGHT FEVER		LATE NIGHT TAKE-OUT	MEOW MEOW KITTY GIRL KITTY GIRL PURR	CiTR GHOST MIX		6 PM		
7 PM	EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES		CiTR GHOST MIX	AFRICA'S LIT	THE MEDICINE SHOW	SAMS-QUANC'TH'S HIDEAWAY	AZZUCAR MORENA		NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTC SLOP TROUGH			CiTR GHOST MIX		BAMU-LADES	CiTR GHOST MIX	7 PM		
8 PM			CRIMES & TREASONS					ANALOG GEMATRIA	CROWD FLIP (1ST THUR)	THE MIX SOUP (2ND THURS)	PANDORA'S BOX (3RD THURS)	CANADA POST ROCK		CiTR GHOST MIX		TECHNO PROGRESSIVO		8 PM
9 PM										LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL		SOCA STORM		SYNAPTIC SANDWICH		CiTR GHOST MIX	ATTIC JAMS (MONTHLY)	9 PM
10 PM	THE JAZZ SHOW		OFF THE BEAT AND PATH		J CHILLIN												10 PM	
11 PM			CiTR GHOST MIX	SAXAPHONE LA NUIT	AFTN SOCCER SHOW				COPY/PASTE		CiTR GHOST MIX					11 PM		
12 AM									ONE HOUR HAPPY HAPPY FUN TIME MUZIK							RANDOPHONIC		CiTR GHOST MIX
1 AM	CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX								RADIO ART OVERNIGHT					1 AM		
2 AM					CiTR GHOST MIX		CiTR GHOST MIX				THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF INSOMNIA					2 AM		
LATE NIGHT																LATE NIGHT		

STUDENT PROGRAMMING

CiTR COLLECTIVE PROGRAMMING

SYNDICATED PROGRAMMING

DO YOU WANT TO PITCH
YOUR OWN SHOW TO CiTR?

EMAIL THE PROGRAMMING MANAGER AT
PROGRAMMING@CiTR.CA TO LEARN HOW

Monday

WORDS AND CULTURE

7AM-8AM, TALK / LANGUAGE

Words and Culture weaves conversations with Indigenous language and knowledge keepers together with music by Indigenous artists. The team creating this original content is made up exclusively of Indigenous producers, hosts and guests. Words and Culture is funded by SiriusXM Canada through the Community Radio Fund of Canada.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

SAM-11AM, ELECTRONIC / EXPERIMENTAL

Every Monday morning since 1988 Breakfast with the Browns has been the place offering chance to stay in a mood... playing all the best ambient, downtempo, electronic, ASMR, pop-lounge-core music...strictly squaresville.

• BREAKFASTWITHTHEBROWNS@HOTMAIL.COM

NANCY'S PANTRY

ALTERNATING MON 11AM-12PM, ELECTRONIC / JAZZ / DANCE

Nancy selects some tracks from her musical pantry every episode to share with listeners. Tune in every episode for different genres and vibes!

• NANCYXYNIUS@GMAIL.COM

LETHAL REFRESH

12PM-1PM, CLUB / DANCE

On lethal refresh, we scour the net for the hottest new tracks and send them straight to you. Log on for lethal refresh Mondays 3-4 for tracks that are lethal as freak, refreshed each week.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

PARTS UNKNOWN

1PM-3PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Treading water for over 25 years!!!

• CHRISARIFFIC@GMAIL.COM

CITR RADIO ALL-SORTS

3PM-4PM, ECCLECTIC/WEIRD/CULTURE

Join new volunteers in CITR's programming department for a dangerously old and eclectic mix of songs every week. Every second week Radio All-Sorts is by and for people who experience gender marginalization. Do you want to be on Radio All-Sorts? Attend a tour of CITR and become a member

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

UNCEDDED AIRWAVES

5PM-6PM, INDIGENOUS STORIES

Hosted by the Indigenous Collective, Unceded Airwaves unveils the hidden pages of Indigenous history and contemporary existence.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SPIT IN YOUR EAR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, ROCK / POP / INDIE

Presented by the Music Collective of CITR.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

GOBSTOPPERRR

ALTERNATING MONDAYS 6PM, NO TALK / ONLY ROCK

So good you stop talking.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES

7PM-8PM, FILM/CULTURE/ECCLECTIC

This one-man variety show profiles music from film, TV & other visual media + songs for a future soundtrack. Spotlights cover composers, genres & ambience; all embracing discovery & ironclad whimsy.

• RADIOFREGEKAG@GMAIL.COM

THE JAZZ SHOW

9PM-12AM, JAZZ/RAP

A show about Jazz music with emphasis on authentic Jazz music from various eras, and not any common hybrid styles that leave out essential qualities that define authentic Jazz.

• GAVJAZZYAHOO.COM

Tuesday

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6AM-8AM, BLUEGRASS / COUNTRY / OLD-TIME

The best in Bluegrass, Old-Time, Classic Country, Cajun, Rockabilly, Western Swing and whatever jumps off the shelves at us.

• PACIFICPICKIN@YAHOO.COM

IN OUR GAYBOURHOOD

ALTERNATING TUES 10AM-1030AM, LGBTQIA2s+ / SOCIAL JUSTICE

In Our Gaybourhood is a queer oral history journey exploring the stories and lived experiences of advocates, educators, and students who create space for 2SLGBTQIA+ advocacy, education, and educators in BC.

• INOURGAYBOURHOOD@GMAIL.COM

SAXOPHONE A L'APRES MIDI

1PM-2PM, CLASSICAL / JAZZ / ECCLECTIC

The music curated for Saxophone a l'après midi and Saxophone la nuit track the historical and philosophical development of music from jazz sub-genres in the 60's/70's to contemporary music, improvisation, rap, hip-hop, and spoken word.

• BAYLIE.ADAMS@ICLOUD.COM

LEENIN' WITH JEFF

2PM-3PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

LEEnin with Jeff explores literature (fiction stories, poetry), romcom reviews, and interviews that give an oppor-

tunity for others to be aware of different areas of study and career paths.

• JFLEE007@GMAIL.COM

TEACHABLE MOMENTS

TUES 4PM-5PM, PUNK/ELECTRONIC/ EXPERIMENTAL/ FOLK / DISCUSSION

citr's 1-stop-shop for what's hot & what's not since 2019

• @TEACHABLEMOMENTS_____

LUV U HOUR

ALTERNATING TUE 6PM, CRUSH / LOVE

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• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

EURO NEURO

ALTERNATING TUES 6PM, DISCUSSION / POLITICS / EUROVISION

Euro Neuro is a Eurovision Song Contest show with a recap of the Contest focusing on how the political and social events have been influencing the contest and song entries.

• EURONEURO.CITR@GMAIL.COM

AFRICA'S LIT

ALTERNATING TUES 7PM-8PM, TALK/ WORLD

A journey across the globe to faraway countries and distant times. More than just books, it's an hour of music, interviews and analyses brought together to highlight the best of African Literature.

• AFRICA'S.LIT@GMAIL.COM

CRIMES & TREASONS

8PM-10PM, RAP / CULTURE / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Crimes & Treasons is 2 hours of new uncensored music. Every Tuesday Night at 8pm-10pm PST with hosts Jamal Steeles and Malik.

• DJ@CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM/CRIMESANDTREASONS.COM

OFF THE BEAT AND PATH

10PM-11PM, TALK / MUSIC

Host Issa Arrian, introduces you to his various interest through his unique lens. From news, pop culture, to sports, Issa will surely have an interesting take, that is undeniable.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAXAPHONE LA NUIT

ALTERNATING TUES 11PM-12AM, JAZZ / SAX

A continuation of Saxophone a l'après midi, at night.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

Wednesday

DEMOCRACY NOW

6AM-7AM, NEWS/SPOKEN WORD

Democracy Now! produces a daily, global, independent news hour hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan González. Our reporting includes breaking daily news headlines and in-depth interviews with people on the front lines of the world's most pressing issues. On Democracy Now!, you'll hear a diversity of voices speaking for themselves, providing a unique and sometimes provocative perspective on global events.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

8AM-10AM, ECCLECTIC / POP

The Suburban Jungle is a music show focusing on funk, soul, dub, downtempo, electronica and other musical genres.

• DJ@JACKVELVET.NET

JESS'S LIT

11AM-12PM, ART / CULTURE / LITERATURE

Jess' Lit delves into literatures - songs, poetry, books, movies, etc. of all genres from a variety of eras, providing analysis, or just a fun time exploring new ideas and works throughout history.

• LEEJESS2002@GMAIL.COM

THE SHAKESPEARE SHOW

12PM-1PM, ECCLECTIC / EVERYTHING

Ecclectic, all different genres and eras

• DVHP@SHAW.CA

LA BONNE HEURE

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, ANYTHING / EVERYTHING

Chatting to your current favourite musicians or helping you discover new ones. From indie to pop, and everything in between, join 'La Bonne Heure' for a little bit of it all

• VALIE.CA/CONTACT-US

LE REETUAL

ALTERNATING WED 1PM-2PM, MUSIC

Do you live and breathe music? On Le Reetual you can dive deep into different musical universes through new categories every episode. Tune in every other Wednesday at 1:00pm for an hour of the best DJ hosts in the world!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LYRICS WE LOVE

LAST WED OF THE MONTH 2-3, MUSIC/ LYRICS/LOVE

Description needed.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

I COME FROM THE MOUNTAIN

ALTERNATING WED 3PM-4PM, POP SPELLS / WATER / TOIL

the show that doesn't happen on a physical mountain, but it does happen in the mountains of your mind.

• ARTCOORDINATOR@CITR.CA

THE REEL WHIRLED

WED 4PM-5PM, FILM

"The official show of the UBC Film Society, "The Reel Whirled" is a show made by and

for film buffs! Hosted by Lily Growe, this show will provide you with your weekly dose of cinematic goodness.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE REVOLUTION WILL NOT BE BROADCAST

ALTERNATING WED 3PM-4PM, REVELRY / JUSTICE / FREEDOM

TBD.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ARTS REPORT

ALTERNATING WED 5PM-6PM, ART / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The Arts Report, run by CITR's Arts Collective, focuses on arts and culture in so-called "Vancouver" (and beyond!). Blending reviews, interviews, songs and playful banter, the Arts Report connects listeners to the arts community that CITR is part of.

• ARTS@CITR.CA

KAFU MUZIK

ALTERNATING WED 6PM-7PM, FRANCO-PHONE / MUSIC

Discover the music of the Francophone World - from Canada to Vietnam. At Kafou Muzik languages, rhythms, and genres of five continents intersect. Produced in collaboration with UBC's Centre de la Francophonie.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MEDICINE SHOW

ALTERNATING WED 7PM-9PM, ECCLECTIC/ PERFORMANCE

Broadcasting Healing Energy with LIVE Music and laughter! A multi-media variety show, featuring LIVE music, industry guests and hopefully some insight.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ANALOG GEMATRIA

ALTERNATING WEDS 8PM-9PM, ANALOG/GEMS?

Description needed.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY

ALTERNATING WED 6:30PM-8PM, ROCK/ POP/INDIE

If you're into 90's nostalgia, Anita B's the DJ you for. Don't miss her spins, every Wednesday.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

J CHILLIN

9PM-11PM, TALK/PUNK/RAP/ART

#freeJchillin' ur fav cult classic r'dio show// nothing happens on this show we just chill literally just shoot the sh/t and listen to music we also we have side guests n live performances - ONE LOVE . we play everything!!|!

• NICKMONIZ@LIVE.CA

AFTN SOCCER SHOW

11PM-1PM, SPORTS / CULTURE / DISCUSSION

The AFTN Soccer Show (aka "There's Still Time") is a weekly soccer discussion show centered around Vancouver Whitecaps, MLS, and the world of football.

• AFTNCANADA@HOTMAIL.COM

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• NICKMONIZ@LIVE.CA

RUSSIAN TIM SHOW

9AM-10AM, PUNK

Hello hello hello! I interview bands and play new, international, and local punk rock music. Broadcasted by Russian Tim in Broken English. Great Success!

• ROCKETFROMRUSSIA.TUMBLR.COM/ROCKETFROMRUSSIACTR@GMAIL.COM/ @TIMA_TZAR/ FACEBOOK: ROCKETFROMRUSSIA

BREAKING BARRIERS

10AM-11AM, EXPERIMENTAL/CLASSICAL

A celebration of experimental and underground music and sound art. Featuring records from 1950-present played in their entirety. Focus on: contemporary classical composers, free jazz, improvised music, and experimental rock.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

12PM-1PM, ROCK/POP/EXPERIMENTAL

Sweet treats from the pop underground, since 2006. Hosted by Duncan, fuelled by donuts. "You don't have to be a pro to be on the radio"

• DUNCANS@DONUTS@GMAIL.COM

FAMILIAR STRANGERS

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, DISCUSSION / SOCIAL JUSTICE

Familiar Strangers brings on experts and guests alike to discuss various topics on urban affairs, ranging from

film reviews to talking about critical interpretations of feminist geography.

• SELINBERKTASH9@GMAIL.COM

WHAT'S IN THE HAT

MONTHLY THURS 1PM-2PM, CULTURE/ COMEDY/DISCUSSION

Catch What's in the Hat?, where people with disabilities lead lively games and deep conversations. Each episode offers refreshing takes to some of life's biggest questions. Tune in for genuine moments and unexpected surprises!

• HANNAH.NOLAN@POSABILITIES.CA

HAIL! DISCORDIA!

MONTHLY THURS 2PM, ART / CULTURE / DISORDER

Hail! Discordia! is an audio translation of Disorder Magazine. Every third Thursday Izzy and Zoie spend an hour covering themes/submissions from the recent Disorder publication.

• ISABELLE.WHITTALL13@GMAIL.COM

TRAINING TIME W/ CIARA

ALTERNATING THU 2PM-3PM, GET ON THE AIR!

A weekly training session for the radio-curious!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

HARMONIC HOOLIGANS

ALTERNATING THU 3PM-4PM, MUSIC / EAR SOUNDS

Just three guys trying to show you some new tunes for your ears.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

VISUAL MEDIA

ALTERNATING THURS 4PM-5PM, CULTURE/ELECTIC

Description needed.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

MIXOTROPH

ALTERNATING THURS 4PM-5PM, CULTURE/ELECTIC

Allow us to fertilize your mind with an eclectic mix of world sounds and genres, music history and useless trivia. We have something for everyone.

• NGILLOUING@GMAIL.COM

DEAD SUCCULENT HAUNT

5PM-6PM, ROCK/FOLK/ECCLECTIC

A plant- and nature-based alternative music show for everyone for the experts to the over-waterers.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

ALL ACCESS PASS

6PM-7PM, SPOKEN WORD

brought to you by the CITR 101.9 FM Accessibility Collective.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

AZZUCAR MORENA

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, MUSIC / TALK

Latin culture, migrant experiences, artist support and music.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

NEBULON ENTERPRISES DTC SLOP TROUGH

ALTERNATING THU 7PM-8PM, ELEC-TRONIC

Live, 1-hour mixes featuring strictly the absolute worst the electronic underground has to offer. Expect B2B and guest mixes featuring only the most subversive of selectors.

• NEBULON.ENTERPRISES.LLC@GMAIL.COM

CROWD FLIP

MONTHLY THURS 8PM-9PM,INDIE / ROCK / QUEER

Crowd Flip is both a talk and music show that began by exploring musicology theory through a critical lens of gender theory and history.

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

THE MIXSOUP

MONTHLY THURS 8PM-9PM, ELECTRONIC/ EXPERIMENTAL/REGIONAL

Dune presents a monthly music show inspired by his travels - The Mixsoup, a healthy broth for your ear bones. The Mixsoup is a journey through space, genre and time, featuring artists from independent music scenes from around the globe.

• DAVID@DUNE@SDUNE.BE

PANDORA'S BOX

MONTHLY THURS 8PM-9PM, MEDIA/ CULTURE/MYTHOLOGY

Come with us as we dive into mythologies & folktales from around the world, and unbox their unexpected connections with contemporary art, music, media and cultural phenomena!

• PROGRAMMING@CITR.CA

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9PM-11PM,

CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS
november 2024

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	Nemahsis*	Verbathim	SELF-RELEASED
2	Jonah Yano*	Jonah Yano & The Heavy Loop	PEOPLES CHAMP
3	Voice of Hearing*+	Breathespace	SELF-RELEASED
4	LSDXOXO	DOGMA	BECAUSE MUSIC
5	supervan*+	Passenger Syndrome	SELF-RELEASED
6	Etran de L'Aïr	100% Sahara Guitar	SAHEL SOUNDS
7	doohickey cubicle*+	Super Smeller	SELF-RELEASED
8	estle*	It's Always Been You	ORANGE MILK
9	Fantastic Negrito	Son Of A Broken Man	STOREFRONT
10	DOG DAY*	A T-shirt with Writing on It	FUNDOG
11	DECOMME*+	Sentiment	SELF-RELEASED
12	Orion Agassi	Bolero Drum Tracks	L.I.E.S.
13	Physical Therapy & Patrick Holland*	Daymaxxing	ALLERGY SEASON
14	Kylie V*+	Crash Test Plane	ROYAL MOUNTAIN
15	Various Artists	Plush V	PLUSH RECORDS INC.
16	Autonomous Apes*+	Favorite demon	SELF-RELEASED
17	Arminda K	Time and a Feeling	SELF-RELEASED
18	Tegu	Owl Island	NOT NOT FUN
19	Ada Lea*	notes	NEXT DOOR
20	Japandroids*+	Fate & Alcohol	ANTI-
21	Bill Can*+	BUGS FM	SELF-RELEASED
22	Aerialists*	I Lost My Heart On Friday	SELF-RELEASED
23	Dorothea Paas*	Think Of Mist	TELEPHONE EXPLOSION
24	Luna Li	When a Thought Grows Wings	SELF-RELEASED
25	Locarno	Colibrí Caliope	SELF-RELEASED
26	Mark Templeton*	Two Verses	FAITICHE
27	Carson Hoy*+	Enigmatic	POP MACHINE
28	crones*	Human Error	MYSTIC TURNIP
29	FIN	Cleats	HAUSU MOUNTAIN
30	Roswit*+	Eternal Living	MONO TAPES
31	ASKO*	ASKO	DINE ALONE
32	Devarrow*	A Long & Distant Wave	PAPER BAG
33	Michael Scott Dawson*	The Tinnitus Chorus	WE ARE BUSY BODIES
34	Lauren Porter*+	Some Living Room	SELF-RELEASED
35	Naked Roommate	Pass The Loofah	TROUBE IN MIND
36	Jealous Yellow	Czech Vampires	ERSTE THEKE TONTRAEGER
37	Reckonize*+	Demonstration '24	NWHC
38	Sarah Davachi	The Head As Form'd In The Crier's Choir	LATE MUSIC
39	Bogdan Raczynski*	You're Only Young Once But You Can Be Stupid Forever	DISCIPLES
40	KRM & KMRU	Disconnect	PHANTOM LIMB
41	Amery*	Continue As Amery	NIGHT SCHOOL
42	Cheap Sets*	don't tell me what to do	SELF-RELEASED
43	Derwin*	Tendon	MECHA VURI
44	Pressure Pin*	Polyurethane	SELF-RELEASED
45	Cassie Ramone	Sweetheart	CD-R
46	Patrick Farrugia*+	You can find the joy in anything	P.D.F.
47	This Is The Glasshouse*	867	FUNNY ORANGE LABEL
48	Safia Nolin*	UFO RELIGION	GLADIATEUR SOURIRE
49	Bonnie Trash	My Love Remains the Same	HAND DRAWN DRACULA
50	King Bob*	Rookie	LAST HARMOT
reaching for the remote pose			

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played most on air over the last month. Artists with asterisks (*) are Canadian, artists with hashtags (#) indicate FemCon, and those marked plus (+) are local. To submit music for air-play on CiTR 101.9FM, please send a physical copy addressed to Aisia Witteveen Music Director at CiTR 101.9FM, LL500 6133 University Blvd., Vancouver BC, V6T1Z1. Though we prioritize physical copies, feel free to email download codes to music@ctr.ca. You can follow up with the Music Director 1-2 weeks after submitting.

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December 9

SUNGAZER

Hollywood Theatre

December 10

ZEAL & ARDOR

Rickshaw Theatre

December 14

NEVER DULL

Biltmore Cabaret

December 15

THIEVERY CORPORATION

Vogue Theatre

January 20

AROOJ AFTAB

Hollywood Theatre

January 23

JAMIE MILLER

Hollywood Theatre

January 26

THE MAIN SQUEEZE

Biltmore Cabaret

January 31

THE VACCINES

Hollywood Theatre

February 9

TRENTMØLLER

Rickshaw Theatre

February 12

ADORE DELANO

Hollywood Theatre

February 16

Y LA BAMBA

Wise Hall

February 21

ROSE CITY BAND

Fox Cabaret

February 24

MERCURY REV

Hollywood Theatre

February 26

TY SEGALL SOLO ACOUSTIC

Rickshaw Theatre

March 1

HAZLETT

Rickshaw Theatre

March 4

DESTROY LONELY

PNE Forum

March 4

SOCCER MOMMY

Vogue Theatre

March 15

POM POM SQUAD

Fox Cabaret

March 22

NAKED GIANTS

Wise Hall

March 25

THE LINDA LINDAS

Vogue Theatre

March 26

FROG

Fox Cabaret

April 5

DARKSIDE

Vogue Theatre

April 7

BEAK>

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